Science—With and Without Wisdom . . . . By Ernest Nagel

APR 1 4 '45

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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"THE FOLDED LEAF"
by William Maxwell
Reviewed by Sara Henderson Hay

"THE YOUNG JEFFERSON"
by Claude G. Bowers
Reviewed by H. M. Kallen

"CRIME AND THE HUMAN MIND"
by David Abrahamsen
Reviewed by Sheldon Glueck

"CHINA AMONG THE POWERS"
by David Nelson Rowe
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SEEING THINGS
(Overseas Edition of the Brownings)
by John Mason Brown

STRICTLY PERSONAL
(Hit-and-Run Journalism)
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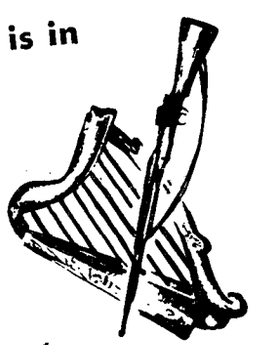

by JIM PHELAN

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MAX SEYDEWITZ

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In defense of the beets and the broccoli...

NOW THAT the frost is out of the ground and we have got the fertilizer spaded into our garden patch—and even some of the seeds planted—we begin to think about a book that we published five years ago. It's something of a habit with us to reread it once a year at about this season because it keeps us from expecting too much from the seeds and the good earth in general . . .

The book is *E. C. Large's* volume about man's unrelenting battle with all the diseases which attack his major food crops. The author gave it the unprepossessing title of THE ADVANCE OF THE FUNGI, a title that has helped to keep the book from reaching the audience that, in our opinion, it has always deserved. But we are no longer concerned about that because we imported it in sheets from Great Britain; there are only about 300 copies left, and when those are sold there will probably never be any more.

Large is one of the most brilliant of the younger English writers. He appeared first in this country as the author of a genuinely exciting first novel, SUGAR IN THE AIR, and a second, ASLEEP IN THE AFTERNOON. When he published this latter book we knew that he was working on a writing project which had occupied him, off and on, for most of his writing lifetime and an even larger proportion of his career as a research scientist. THE ADVANCE OF THE FUNGI turned out to be it, and when the first proofs reached us we knew at once two things about the book—the first that it would never have a large sale, the second that it was the kind of book that every publisher worth his salt would like to have on his list.

The multitudinous, minute, and baffling blights which attack the plants we hope to eat are among the most deadly enemies of mankind. They have changed the course of history many times in the past—the potato murrain in Ireland helped to populate the United States; phylloxera of the French grape vines shook the whole economy of France to its bottom and its effects were felt in Greeee and California; wheat rusts affected the whole life of the middle ages; and the Leaf Disease, which put an end to coffee-growing in Ceylon, smashed the Oriental Bank and shifted the center of coffee production to Brazil.

AT the very time THE ADVANCE OF THE FUNGI was being printed, the *New York Times* printed a news item from Berlin in which the British were accused of dropping hordes of Colorado beetles on the German potato crop. What had actually happened was that the German farmers were no longer able to get the chemical sprays which are necessary to make any potato crop in Europe possible.

The book ends with chapters on *Fungi and the Great War*, *New Sprays for Old*, and *Towards Immunity*. *Large* talks as many a scientist has, somewhat brusquely, against "the demented Thirties" when the "potato industry was not at all sure that it *wanted* blight-proof potatoes", and he suggests that after September 3, 1939, there might be a change in agricultural policy which would increase food production instead of attempting to restrict it.

Reading facts and seeing illustrations is of course educational, but what charms us about this book is the unique British approach. Not only is the research here, but so is the delicate appreciation of the old drawings and new microphotographs; here is the long view and the quiet humor.

In 1940, *E. C. Large* was in the service of his government, hoping to write when time allowed. We have not heard from him since, but we are hoping he will tell us more of plant blights when the retreating World Blight has been conquered completely. Meantime, we are oiling up the pressure sprayer and laying in the usual poundage of Bordeaux mixture. Advance fungi! We will give you a tussle for the beets and the broccoli . . .

THE ADVANCE OF THE FUNGI

by E. C. Large

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HENRY HOLT & COMPANY
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The Saturday Review of Literature

Science—With and Without Wisdom

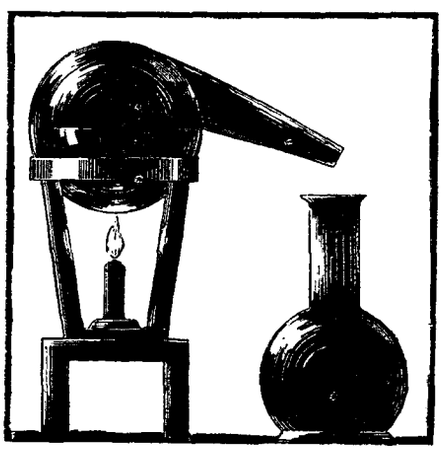
Is There Any Chance That Science Can Help Solve Social Problems?

ERNEST NAGEL

LONG before the beginnings of modern civilization, men acquired vast funds of information about their environment. They learned to recognize substances which nourished their bodies. They discovered the uses of fire and developed skills for transforming raw materials into clothing, shelters, and utensils. They invented arts of tilling the soil, of communication, and of government. Accordingly, John Locke's well-known quip at Aristotle—that God was not so sparing to men as to make them barely two-legged creatures, leaving it to Aristotle to make them rational—seems clearly pertinent to modern science. The acquisition of reliable knowledge concerning many aspects of the world certainly did not wait upon the advent of post-Renaissance inquiries into nature. On the contrary, the contemporary theories of astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, and politics, together with their attendant technologies, rest—at least in part—upon habits and information acquired during long and only dimly remembered centuries. And indeed, in all ages many men repeat in their own lives the history of the race in at least one respect: they manage to secure for themselves useful skills and competent information without benefit of systematic training in any of the sciences, and without consciously adopting the procedures which the latter employ.

Nevertheless, nothing like the type of civilization to which we are accustomed would be possible without the systematic extension and deepening of common-sense knowledge, and without the persistent attempt to discover and delimit the range of valid application of beliefs, which characterize modern science. Modern science has no magic key to unlock the secrets of the universe. Its methods are not esoteric, and do not differ in general outline from the ways in which reliable conceptions about the world have been established in all ages; their grosser features can be formulated simply, and taught even to college sophomores. What is distinctive of modern science is that it purifies these ways by dissociating them from irrevelant circumstances, and cultivates their use as a disciplined art. The achievements of modern science are therefore the fruits of a method, accepted as authoritative because long and hard experience has shown it to yield intellectual and practical mastery over the processes of nature.

There are many fruits of science as an institutionalized art for finding things out. Even a partial list must include mention of the tremendous increase in technological skills, in human population and food supply, and in control over many animate and inanimate processes. Such a list must also include less direct or obvious but no less significant consequences of the rise and expansion of science: the gradual secularization of various social institutions; the elimination of many paralyzing fears, such as those against which Lucretius inveighed; the destruction of the theoretical foundations of traditional systems of dogmatic morals; the development in many quarters of a frankly experimental attitude toward problems of conduct; and the emergence of a widespread conviction that policies, both public and private, must be evaluated not in terms of their conformity with the pronouncements of uncriticizable authority, but in terms of the rational methods of weighing evidence employed in the sciences. This list of imponderables calls attention to qualities of civilized life generally more latent than actual, and in any case to qualities less pervasively realized than was hoped by many of the creators and propagandists of modern science. It is nevertheless still a valid expectation that with the growth and spread of science—both as a body of warranted knowledge and as a rational method for establishing it—unsatisfied physical wants, brutal wars, superstitions, and parochial dogmatisms, can be significantly diminished, and that men will eventually be able to make good their traditional claim to be rational animals.



ONE must note, however, that in recent years it has become fashionable once more to challenge the moral significance of science, on the ground that the serious evils of contemporary society are its inevitable fruits. Critics have not been content with pointing out that the tremendous wealth and power which science has made available have also generated tremendous and still unsolved problems of administration and government. They go further in maintaining that it is the spread of a naturalistic outlook in politics and morals—an outlook closely bound up with the spread of secular science—which is primarily responsible for the contemporary social chaos. Science, according to them, is strictly *amoral*. The knowledge gained by modern physics and chemistry can be used indifferently either for the constructive tasks of peace or for the destructive objectives of war; and the theoretical principles involved in bacteriology and immunology can be employed to strengthen the economy of a brutal authoritarian regime as well as of a liberal democratic one. Moreover, the moral relativism and scepticism of eternal moral principles which post-Renaissance preoccupation with the mechanisms of nature has produced, are alleged to be incompatible with a healthy spiritual temper. According to these critics, therefore, science must be supplemented by a wisdom which is not, and cannot possibly be, the product of scientific inquiry. Even if they do not agree upon how this wisdom is

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to be acquired—the recommendations run the gamut from postulating a system of supernatural moral principles communicated and enforced in an authoritarian manner, to suggesting that the heart and the blood, rather than the head, must be decisive in all issues affecting the goods of life—they concur in condemning the rational methods of science as inadequate to the task of dealing with moral questions.

The arguments upon which these criticisms are based often possess merit and great rhetorical power. Although it is not possible to deal with them adequately in this place, one serious weakness in most of them must be noted. These critics ignore, in the main, the familiar distinction between science as a body of knowledge and science as a method or habit of inquiry. As a body of knowledge science is undoubtedly neutral with respect to the uses to which knowledge is put. Nor can there be any dispute concerning the fact that the uses to which scientific knowledge has frequently been put have been amoral when not immoral.

But it by no means follows that science as a method of inquiry lacks moral attributes, or that its adoption on a wide scale for the settlement of issues both public and private would be anything but salutary. As a method for finding out, science requires of those who practise it qualities of mind and character which are precious and heroic. Science demands of all who join its ranks indefatigable critical reflection on all matters connected with their research. They must strive strenuously to obtain factual material relevant to their problem. They must learn how to report accurately, discriminatingly, honestly, and fearlessly what they observe. They must be able to consider the weight of evidence for a proposed solution of a problem on its intrinsic merits, uninfluenced by considerations of personal and social gain or loss. They must coöperate with their fellow-workers, and evaluate their findings unhampered by personal likes and social prejudice. They must be capable of refusing assent when the evidence does not warrant it, and of affirming a conclusion when the relevant facts demand it. They must be prepared to hold judgment in suspense, even when the majority of mankind is insisting that the time is ripe for decisive action. They must cultivate scientific doubt—not the enervating and indolent skeptical cyncism which is frequently only a cloak for dogmatism and prejudice—but the doubt which leads to increased insight and a more coherently integrated system of warranted beliefs. They must, in brief, endeavor to act as the high priests, if not the embodiments, of intelligence and rationality.

Now it is a fact—a regrettable fact, but a fact nevertheless—that the intellectual temper and moral discipline just outlined have not been incorporated into the warp and woof of contemporary society. Scientific and pseudo-scientific information has been widely disseminated, but little has been done to inculcate in a systematic fashion the attitude of mind which makes science possible. We may boast that we live in an age of science, but our boast is a hollow one if great masses of men still give serious and uncritical attention to astrological, numerological, and spiritualistic charlatanry, and if questions affecting private and public good are still settled by contests of economic and physical force. I am not dogmatically assuming that were those with the power to decide the destinies of men and nations imbued with the scientific temper they would unfailingly and inevitably arrive at sounder decisions than they actually do. My point is the less controversial one that we shall never know how much may be achieved through the use of scientific methods in settling issues of moral and social values until we have *tried* these methods systematically and wholeheartedly. There is something both absurd and contemptible in the current charge that it is the development of science which must bear the responsibility for our social ills. Science as a *method* of resolving problems has never been employed in a thorough fashion to decide questions of social policy. Methods different from it have been used for millennia, with patent results. There is at least a sporting chance that were it tried—were the temper of mind required of the scientist in his study and laboratory cultivated in practical politics—it would have something significant to contribute.

These reflections are directly pertinent to any consideration of the place of freedom and authority in scientific method. There are two essential and closely related freedoms which are a *sine qua non* for the practice of scientific method. The first is the freedom to select for investigation any problem which a man feels equipped to tackle. The second is the freedom to attack the problem selected with any likely means at one's disposal, and to pursue it to any conclusion which the evidence warrants. The problem which is selected may initiate a totally new line of inquiry, and its resolution may never—or may not for a long time—come into conflict with views previously established and widely held. Or the problem may be provoked by the acquisition of fresh materials or novel ideas relevant to beliefs hallowed by scientific and social tradition. In either case, to set bounds to what a man may legitimately study is to cut at the roots of free inquiry. Whether such obstacles are introduced by special interests in society at large, or by vested interests in some departmentalized discipline, they bode ill to the integrity and effectiveness of science. The gift for discovering problems is a comparatively rare one; and the deliberate nurturing of this gift and of the intellectual and emotional attitudes which accompany its exercise is one of the functions of institutionalized research. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that the exercise of this freedom is *not* incompatible with a *voluntary* restriction of the scope of a man's research, in the interest of a more effective *coöperative* handling of a problem.

BUT it is not enough that the selection of a problem be free. No obstacles must be erected which would hamper the course of inquiry into it. The search for factual material must not be discouraged through the use of various sanctions, evidence must not be deliberately withheld or destroyed, and—most important of all—the investigator must not be prevented from following the lead of his subject-matter or from letting his views be decided by the evidence. Modern research is generally an expensive affair, and without financial subsidy from government and industry it would rapidly languish. There is, therefore, always the possibility of sinister pressure being exercised to prevent the scientist from challenging privileged views or affirming unpopular ones. This is more than a possibility in many countries and places, and the danger is likely to increase rather than diminish with the growth of centralized government. Such violations of scientific freedom even in our own country are doubtless familiar to everyone. I will venture a single example. About two years ago, the head of a hospital approved a project to study the various ways of treating a certain disease. Recently, however, he reprimanded one of the physicians on the project, because the latter cast serious doubt

(*Continued on page* 22)

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The Magnetism of the Opposites

THE FOLDED LEAF. By William Maxwell. New York: Harper & Bros. 1945. 310 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

THIS is the story of a friendship between two young men, an attachment which begins in high school and carries on through college. It is the story of a deeply emotional mutual attraction, an Escape-me-Never relationship curiously compounded of love and hatred, an emotional dependency, physically innocent, whose latent abnormality is unrecognized and which resolves itself as the two characters leave their adolescence. Mr. Maxwell approaches his theme with honesty and sensitive understanding, and with a deep awareness of the confusion and insecurity and the emotional problems of youth. In many human relationships there is much that is obscure and undefined and potentially dangerous—even hero worship, or the idealization of another person of the same sex, often has a deepseated unconscious sexual basis. This is not the story of two young homosexuals, but of two essentially normal boys who are drawn together by the mutual magnetism of opposites. The author, with extraordinary insight into the subtleties of human relationships, shows us how Lymie Peters, gentle, shy, scholarly, physically frail, and Spud Latham, violent, handsome, intensely masculine, are irresistibly involved in one another's lives from the time Spud drags Lymie, gasping and half drowned, out of the high school swimming pool to the close of their college days when, by near tragedy, the emotional attachment is broken and both Lymie and Spud realize their adult independence of each other.

Both boys when they meet at the age of fifteen are fundamentally insecure, Spud partly because his home life is not really happy. His father is a tired, discouraged man, dogged by failure, and the family have come to Chicago where Mr. Latham, plugging away at another ill paying job, no longer even hopes that fortune will smile on him. Spud has been uprooted from his former associates and friends in the small Wisconsin town where they formerly lived and is lonely and belligerent. His suitorless older sister is disillusioned and bitter; his mother patient and disappointed and negative. To Lymie Peters, however, whose home since his mother's death has been a succession of cheap rooming houses and whose father is an aging, small-time Lothario, the drab and tasteless apartment in which the Lathams live represents the domestic security and happiness for which he longs. One of the most poignant scenes of the many in the book is when Spud for the first time brings Lymie home to dinner, and we see the ugly living room with its dreadful heterogenous furniture and its chromos and fake

green-tiled fireplace through Lymie's eyes, and the family, realizing the boy's pathetic delight at being among them, unconsciously playing up to his idealization of them.

In extremely subtle and skillful style the book builds up its mounting intensity of psychological drama. Its overtones touch the boys' casual, matter-of-fact everyday friendship. In the background is the nostalgic evocation of high school and then college life on a small Mid-western campus, the sorority dances, the fraternity cliques, the tumult and disorder of dormitory life, the figures of minor characters sketched in with humor and vivid perception. Against this backdrop move Lymie and Spud, increasingly conscious of the bond which ties them to each other, both puzzled and unhappy, both understanding neither himself nor his friend.

Lymie's relationship to Spud is particularly sensitively and sympathetically portrayed. Intellectually the stronger, he is the more fundamentally dependent of the two, and his frequently indulged in fantasies reveal the deep unconscious hatred of the sublimated toward the dominant personality. To Spud, Lymie seems almost a weaker member of his own body, a part of himself which he cannot be rid of. Yet when Spud joins a college fraternity and moves out of the student boarding house where he and Lymie have lived, he is lost and miserable.

The girl with whom they both fall in love is not a particularly convincing character, and the relationship of the three is the weakest part of the book. And the denouement of near tragedy, Lymie's attempted suicide because he feels that he has lost his friend, rather miraculously brings about an emotional straightening out of both boys, and leaves the reader wondering whether it could really be so finally resolved. "The Folded Leaf," however, is a fine and moving book, full of true sympathy and understanding of human relationships.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

FICTION'S FAMOUS FUNERALS

Briefly described below are ten memorable funerals from pages of literature. Can you remember the characters concerned and the stories in which they appeared? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 29.

1. Amid much pomp and circumstance, this valet was buried in Westminster Abbey while the nation mourned the "death" of his employer, a famous artist.
2. With two of his companions, this boy attended the funeral services being held for them in the belief that they had been drowned.
3. This detective interrupted a funeral and opened the coffin just in time to remove a woman who had been chloroformed and put in with the corpse.
4. After this soldier's body had been identified, it was carried up to a mountain top and buried in the presence of swarms of kinsfolk, all of whom had a thoroughly enjoyable time.
5. Every time these two old ladies poisoned a man they buried him in the cellar with complete funeral services and full mourning.
6. This dead soldier was given a "Viking funeral" by his younger brother, after the manner of a game they used to play in boyhood.
7. While her own funeral was going on, this girl sat at one side and discussed it with her dead mother-in-law and other newly deceased members of the community.
8. Because he had insisted on cremation, this man's partner carried his frozen corpse around until he found a derelict ship, built a roaring fire in the boiler, and stuffed in the remains.
9. Within a few hours after this unemployed singing waiter died, an undertaker appeared and offered a funeral at a price a few dollars less than the amount of his insurance policy.
10. As part of a sales talk to induce this repulsive misanthrope to hang himself, the beauties of his funeral were graphically pictured: friends weeping and wailing for miles around and saying nice things about him that they never said in his lifetime.

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The Expanding Horizons of Jefferson

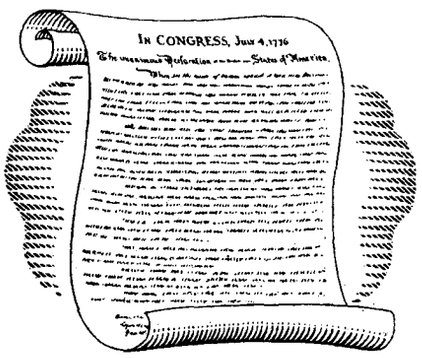
THE YOUNG JEFFERSON: 1743-1789. By Claude G. Bowers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1945. 523 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by H. M. KALLEN

THERE is a certain timeliness about Mr. Bowers's book. The issues which focus in the life and thought of the young Jefferson are chronic issues that every so often become acute; the course of human events take a critical turn, and the crisis comes to concretion in the life and labors of a man. Sometimes tradition mistakes which man. This may be the case with our own generation. This was the case with the generation of Thomas Jefferson; and as Mr. Bowers reads the record, it was in Jefferson's life and labor, and not in Washington's, not in John Adams's, not in Alexander Hamilton's, that his generation's crisis comes to concretion. Yet curiously enough, in the legend of America, Jefferson's image is a stark image. No fables gather about it, no myths transfigure it, as they transfigure the images of Washington and Lincoln. The schoolchildren know him as the author of the Declaration of Independence and the third president of the United States and that is about all. For the better read there is a shadow upon his legend such as darkens the images neither of Lincoln nor of Washington, a deposit left by the hatreds of ancient battles of the enduring war for the freedom of man in which he was the generous victor. Yet, from the day he entered the Virginia House of Burgesses to the day he died, Jefferson, far more than any other, held the doctrine and discipline of freedom in America to their way. He designated both their direction and their goal. He might more truly be described as the father of his country than Washington and as the great emancipator than Lincoln.

Though Mr. Bowers does not say it in so many words, this, I think, is the intent of his book. At present our ambassador to Chile, and our representative in Spain when that tragic country was a republic suffering the assault of clerical fascism from within and abandoned to the sadisms of Mussolini and Hitler from without, he had been the chief editorial writer of the great days of the *New York World* before it had declined to Walter Lippman, and he had figured as "keynoter" at democratic conventions. Jefferson appears to have been the preoccupation, nay the passion, of Mr. Bowers's life. His first argument about his hero, "Jefferson and Hamilton," was published in 1925; his second, "Jefferson in Power," came a little more than a decade later, and now, twenty years after, comes "The Young Jefferson." The style of all three bears the marks of the editorial writer and the orator: the swift and summary organization of facts, the repetitions, the concluding snappers or punch lines.

"The Young Jefferson" has personal clichés, such as "raw-meat polemics," "raw-meat facts"; too often it is colored by the backward look to the future, Mr. Bowers writing that Jefferson "was to" do this or that, as if his hero's whole life had been foreordained and his biographer had been endowed with foreknowledge of it;



and the inevitable contagion from our present crisis appears in the way he employs such words as "appeaser" or "nationalist." At critical points, Bowers, the missionary of the democratic faith, breaks in upon Bowers, the narrator of events, so that Jefferson's battle for religious freedom receives, like the Declaration of Independence, a chapter to itself. Instead of dealing with the principal women—other than his wife—in Jefferson's career when and as they enter it, Mr. Bowers assembles all fourteen of them in a single chapter, misleadingly entitled "Sentimental Interlude"—a method and a title which give one to think. Nevertheless he tells a story. The editor and orator is able to make the exposition and confrontation of ideas as dramatic as the clash of characters and the tangle of events. He is the rewrite man *in excelsis,* who has been able to take the materials, the findings of "scientific" researchers and scholars, and set them in new—and I believe, truer—perspectives, providing better insights into what has been actually seminal, genuinely causal, in the shaping of the national life. "Young Jefferson" strikes me as a notable synthesis, a high place in creative writing. Over against the realists, idealists, and caricaturists, Bowers presents us with a portrait of Jefferson, apt, detailed, authentic, challenging the distortions of them all.

Mr. Bowers's Jefferson is a child of the Virginia frontier, who grows up in what is culturally tidewater. His father Peter belongs to the yeomanry rather than to the gentlemanry; a "lusty pioneer." His mother, scion of the aristocratic Randolphs, seems to have no role in his life. It is a life early centered upon books and ideas. It is a life of planned routine and concentration, established upon a disposition for the wilderness, for plain people, for Indians, for the ladies, and impelled by a lasting desire whose satisfaction the word "Monticello" designates. There is a certain grace and wit, as well as seriousness, in young Jefferson's character. Responsibility falls early to it. When Peter Jefferson dies, Peter's son does not need to be advised or guided. He opts for the college at Williamsburg on his own motion. There he becomes the youthful associate of the three most distinguished men in Virginia colony: Governor Fauquier, Professor Small, Lawyer Wythe. In their company, he assimilates the philosophical postulates and the political economy of freedom as the times thought them, the release and consolation of music (he played the fiddle all his life). In the town itself he enjoyed the amenities of sport and flirtation, the ambiguous ardors of calf-love. He read omnivorously; and gave equal attention to Cicero and Kames, Macpherson and Horace, Hogarth and Tacitus. When he was graduated he read law with George Wythe.

Admitted to the bar in 1767, Jefferson is recorded as figuring in some 430 cases by 1771. On New Year's Day of 1772 he married, and took his bride to the one room which was all of habitable Monticello at the time. That same year he was elected to the House of Burgesses and the new royal governor, Botetourt, designated him "chief Commander of His Majesty's Horse and Foot." Although Mr. Bowers later speaks of Jefferson's "negligible powers" as orator, he now takes occasion to argue that those powers were not negligible, and quotes Edmund Randolph's statement that his shy, weak-voiced hero "spoke with ease, perspicacity, and elegance," holding attention by what he said and how he said it, if not by the passion of his saying. The hero became a "forward man," a leader of the "young men in a hurry," the liberty-lovers of the Piedmont who joined the resistance to taxation without representation which was spreading from Massachusetts to Georgia. He participated in their "raw-meat polemics." His "Summary View of the Rights of the British in America" established him as "the penman of the revolution." In England it got him the attention of Burke and Chatham and a place among the proscribed

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on a bill of attainder. His countrymen sent him to the Continental Congress.

Mr. Bowers writes a lengthy but classical old *World* editorial upon the "Summary View." His purpose seems, to make clear why Jefferson figured so mightily in the struggles over independence between the "forward men" and the seignorial and other vested interests represented in the Continental Congress of the colonies; and how "The Summary View" underlay the fact that, of the five elected as committee to write a Declaration of Independence, Jefferson received the highest vote. Writing the Declaration was, in Mr. Bowers's phrase, Jefferson's "immortal hour." His own draft contained a denunciation of slavery and references to sects and peoples which the Congress edited away. If, as John Adams, at once pretending to and denying a role in its composition, later averred, the Declaration contained nothing new, Jefferson did not intend that it should. He meant it, as he wrote to Henry Lee about half a century later, "to be an expression of the American mind and to give that expression the proper tone and spirit called for by the occasion." All his life, all his thought, had come to focus in that "immortal hour"—his experience of men, his reading, his court cases, his legislative activities: everything that enters into the political philosophy of Jefferson, Mr. Bowers tells us, had been thought out, formulated, and clearly and concisely expressed before the establishment of the Republic under the Constitution.

The war for independence under way, the Declaration signed, its thirty-three-year-old author absorbed himself

—From the Emmet Collection, New York Public Library.

MAD TOM IN A RAGE
A cartoon showing Jefferson, assisted by Satan, pulling down a column representing the Federal Party.

ment and for establishing the fundamental principles thereof in the future," which he would have referred to the people and made the law of the land by the vote of two-thirds of them. He sent it to the Tory president of the constitutional convention. The latter, however, clung to tradition and only attached Jefferson's preamble to the laws it enacted. Although he had been asked to go to France, Jefferson thereupon left Philadelphia for Williamsburg, "to wield an axe." He spent three years wielding an axe.

Mr. Bowers declares, rightly I think, that historians have failed to grasp the significance of what Jefferson undertook in those years. It was to make liberty the means and the goal of the political economy of his country of Virginia. By his bills abolishing entail and primogeniture, he intended the end of the power of men over men based on inherited property. By his bill providing that all Negroes born after a stipulated date should be free, he intended the end of the power of men over men based on purchase. By his bill for the reform of the courts, the simplification and reform of civil and criminal laws, he intended the end of the power of men over men based on mystification and convention instead of justice. By his bills for a system of universal education and for a State Library, he intended the end of the power of men over men based on ignorance; by his Statute of Religious Freedom he intended the end of the power of men over men based on denominational privilige and sectarian intolerance. He sought to write into the laws of Virginia, his country, freedom of land, freedom of person, freedom of mind, and freedom of worship. Without these freedoms neither the arts nor sciences could flourish, nor a man keep the power over his own support. They gave "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" their institutional form. They were not all enacted at the same time nor in equal measure, but they laid the gradient of the mode of struggle for the equal liberty of different people which has been the singularity of the American way ever since.

Meanwhile the war for independence was making its uncertain progress. Washington had a plan to which neither the allies of the Confederation nor its Congress gave united support. Jefferson, elected governor of the sovereign state of Virginia, did, although doing so left his "country" open to invasion. For doing so Mr. Bowers calls him, with his mind on Jefferson's later struggle with the Federalists, a "nationalist." By the same reasoning he might argue that Woodrow Wilson or Franklin Roosevelt were "nationalists." This "nationalism" of his brought Jefferson the censure of his patriotic fel-

—Drawing by Charles V. John

Thomas Jefferson

in the problem of consummating program in event and embodying ideals in institutions. While still in Philadelphia he drafted a new constitution for his "country," Virginia. He wrote a "Bill for remodelling of the Form of Govern- low Virginians; and though Washington commended it, the opposition in the Virginia legislature, some of whom called for a dictator, undertook to challenge it. Jefferson immediately came to face his accusers. But to his face they had nothing to say. Instead, by a unanimous vote, the legislature thanked the Governor for his services.

The latter, when his term ended, retired to Monticello. There, the Marquis de Marbois having put him some questions, he composed his "Notes on Virginia." Mr. Bowers finds this essay to be more personal, more intimate than his hero's "Autobiography," a spontaneous, warm, forthright revelation of himself, his only claim to "authorship." One is curious to know how Mr. Bowers squares this judgment with Jefferson's own view that it is by his letters rather than his books that a man reveals himself, and that Jefferson, one of the most voluminous letter writers of his time, was a master of the epistolary art.

In the fall of 1782, Martha Jefferson died. It was a year before Thomas, an uxorious husband, and an affectionate but (in spite of his professions) authoritarian father, could bring himself back to public affairs. The war had come, somewhat accidentally, to a victorious end. Such unity as fighting the foe had imposed was in dissolution. The Continental Congress which half assembled at Annapolis was recruited from a younger generation. They made Jefferson their leader. His projects involved resisting the menace of a hereditary military caste in the form of the Society of the Cincinnati, establishing the decimal system of coinage, giving

(*Continued on page* 26)

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How Do Criminals Get That Way?

CRIME AND THE HUMAN MIND. By David Abrahamsen. New York: Columbia University Press. 1944. 244 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by SHELDON GLUECK

ONE cannot say often enough that a great deal of criminal behavior is symptomatic of more complex and deep-lying personality distortions than are usually suggested by the crimes themselves. These live influences have their roots in traumatic experiences of early childhood and are reinforced by later emotional reactions to the stresses and strains of life in family and society. This major truth, still too largely ignored by legislators, police officials, prosecutors, judges, penologists, and even academic criminologists, is perhaps the chief reason for the (belatedly acknowledged) high incidence of recidivism. Symptomatic treatment can at best achieve but palliative results; causal treatment operating on a superficial plane can do little better. Deep therapy, based on deep diagnosis, is often indispensable; for in criminal misbehavior, as in non-criminal behavior, things on the surface are not what they seem.

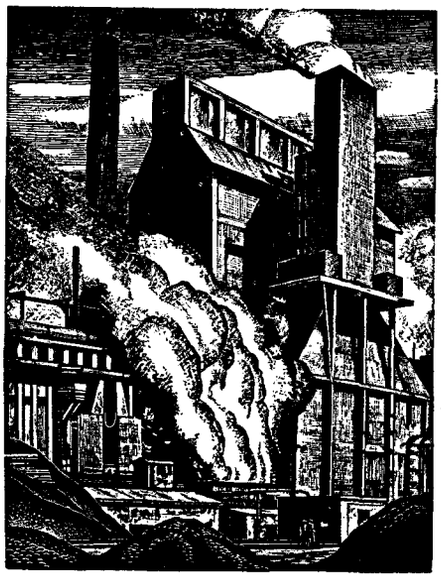
Some such point of view is effectively reflected in Dr. Abrahamsen's thoughtful and useful book. The author, born in Norway and a graduate of the Royal Frederick University of Oslo, studied with such distinguished investigators and observers of individual and societal life as Professors Monrad-Krohn and Malinowski. He has worked as psychiatrist with the Department of Justice in Oslo, at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, at the Menninger Clinic, at Bellevue Hospital, in the Illinois State Penitentiary, and in the Psychiatric Clinic of the New York Court of General Sessions. His ample and varied experience and an uncommonly rich familiarity with the extensive literature of criminology, psychiatry, and anthropology in many languages qualify him to speak with authority.

Mr. Abrahamsen's work is psychoanalytically orientated; but he does not make the mistake of ignoring other approaches to the intricate problem of crime causation or of assuming that all criminalism is explanable by the same causes any more than all disease is. The originality of his presentation derives not so much from the novelty of his ideas as from their synthesis and clarification and in his ability to demonstrate the interpenetration of individual and societal dynamics. Thus, while he draws heavily on the Freudian-Alexanderian subconscious "sense of guilt" in explaining certain forms of criminalism, he is also concerned with the role of external pressures, particularly "patterns of criminalism," in the community. This is particularly brought out in Chapter IV, "Functional View of the Offender," and in his insistence that "since crime is acted out in a society where economic, political, and religious forces exist, it is necessary that the psychiatrist be familiar with these forces which may influence the conduct of humans. He must therefore study sociology, anthropology, law, and philosophy if he is to be able to understand the propensities of crime."

The following brief extracts from the excellent Chapter II, "The Mind in Relation to Crime," may indicate, as well as any, Dr. Abrahamsen's approach to the problem of crime-causation:

> Because a man acts simultaneously as an individual and as a member of society, our concept of what constitutes criminalistic behavior has two roots. . . .
>
> Because criminalistic tendencies are present in all humans, a criterion of the criminal cannot be given. Even with the anthropological and sociological knowledge we have gained of the culprit, of his body, skull, height, face, the broken home situation, economic circumstances, and a thousand other things, the whole problem boils down to one question: *How does the mind function which reacts with antisocial behavior?*

Dr. Abrahamsen devotes himself largely to answering this crucial question with the aid of psychoanalytic psychiatry and cultural anthropology; and his treatment contributes much insight. The process of weaving environmental elements into the fabric of personality and character—the why and wherefore of the conscious and unconscious acceptance or rejection by different persons of various bits of the environment—is the crucial issue not only in the study of crime but in the understanding of the educational problem generally. Long ago Samuel Butler wisely observed that "a life will be successful or not, according as the power of accommodation is equal or unequal to the strain of fusing and adjusting internal and external changes."



Dr. Abrahamsen presents valuable hints for the penology of the future. It is surprising how few court and prison psychiatrists attempt any therapy. It is not enough for a mental doctor attached to a court or prison clinic merely to diagnose offenders, even if he does more than so many prison doctors do who divide them, brilliantly, into "sane" and "not insane." The whole point about exploration and demonstration of the deep-lying causes of delinquency and criminalism as forms of maladaptation of the individual to society is that the agencies of law enforcement should thereafter do something more penetrating and effective than deal out various terms of imprisonment or probation. Society should actively sponsor and check up on plans of therapy suitable to different types of violators of the criminal law. Dr. Abrahamsen calls attention, as some American criminologists have done before him, to the urgent need of emphasizing, among several of society's approaches to the crime problem, a therapeutic-reëducative approach. It may well be that for certain types of crime and criminals society still prefers a retributive-punitive attack; but public officials ought to be reminded that a curative program is today feasible and promising in coping with the general run of delinquents and criminals.

Dr. Abrahamsen's book could have been improved in organization of topics, through omission of repetitive matter, and by greater clarity in the psychoanalytic passages, in which he ordinarily assumes a greater technical knowledge on the part of the general reader than he has a right to expect. Nevertheless, his work is a far better than average exposition of an intricate problem by one who is close to mastery of a highly intricate subject.

The author is to be commended upon two elements of his presentation which greatly enhance its value: the inclusion, at various strategic points, of relevant and *pointed* case-history summaries; and the preparation of a scholarly bibliography.

Dr. Nolan D. C. Lewis contributes to the orientation of the reader by means of a Foreword.

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Strictly Personal

HIT-AND-RUN JOURNALISM

I HAPPENED to be with Sumner Welles in his office when a story by Arthur Krock on the front page of *The Times* started the final drive to get Welles out of government service. I detest the cheap use of news stories to level charges which, if they belong anywhere at all, should be found in editorial columns. Here was a devoted public servant needlessly lost to the nation, at least temporarily. I leave aside entirely any alleged differences in personal relationship or in international attitudes existing at that time between Welles and Mr. Hull. My ire is directed at the use of so-called news reports to drive men out of office. I had lived through a similar episode with Leon Henderson, when he headed the O.P.A.

In talking to Swing, Thompson, Gunther, Shirer and many other friends, I came to realize that the Krocks of the press were then intent on doing a job of no dissimilar proportions on Stettinius of Lend-Lease and Elmer Davis of O.W.I. Incidentally, I have never met Krock as far as I can remember, but I abhor his type of attack. I even prefer nasty, hard-hitting Pegler with whom, of course, I disagree on practically all his tactics as well as on matters of taste. I just don't like one-sided snipers. I like my opponents tough and direct.

With the Welles episode in mind I gave a party in his honor and invited about forty people, owners of radio, press—leaders of public opinion. All those present admired Welles. We deplored his departure from present political usefulness. And I knew it was our own fault. I was ashamed. We just hadn't been in there pitching against the anti-Welles forces. Had we stood up and made ourselves heard we would not have had to do special honor to Welles on that evening. And I said with complete sincerity that I gave the dinner in the hope that I would save the expense of giving further valedictory parties for Stettinius, Davis, and others.

We can't develop a trained group of devoted, selfless public servants with a shabby element riding so much of the press. If the snipers would state alleged facts, then debates could reach the truth. If they dared state sources and name names, the man to be "done in" would have a chance to make a defense. It's easy to say: "Why pay attention to the Krocks? Why not treat them with disdain?" But life doesn't work that way. That front-page gossip story—emanating from a still unnamed source, resting on anonymity, the tool of cowards, was to be used as tinder for all the non-heterogeneous opponents of Welles. Anti-Russians, isolationists, and others took up the fire. The Washington office of *The Times* would not have given the same amount of front-page space to answer the attack, even if an anonymous rumor could ever be answered.

I'm told by some that Krock disclaims the discredit for the job and I'm confident his great paper regrets the episode. But Krock is head of the Washington Bureau from which the piece emanated and on his own theory of resting responsibility on the men at the top, he might well have resigned if he applied to himself the sanctimonious standards he applies so glibly to his political opponents.

I pick on Krock particularly because he writes for our most significant and greatest daily newspaper, and his attacks on nearly all the followers of the President are usually of the same snide quality. Years ago at a dinner in Washington, called to discuss the impropriety of Krock's use of power, one of the leading officials of the nation ended the evening by saying: "I'm truly embarrassed because every week or so Krock commends me and my confreres."

Some say that the answer to this kind of journalism should be for those under attack to write answering letters to the papers. But that is less than feasible. A letter tucked away in a letter column is no answer. Moreover, for Krock's prey to rise up and hit back at innuendo would be playing into Krock's hands. In the old days of the press, papers debated with each other and editors felt strongly enough on issues to horsewhip each other at times. Today that corrective is considered impolite. I know that conscientious, informed Anne O'Hare McCormick does not see eye to eye with Krock. I see the brave *New York Post* taking up, through Grafton and in editorials, answers to Krock and others by name. But in general a class loyalty pervades our press where few papers permit criticism of so-called competitors. In fact, the press is in the "after you, Gaston" doldrums. The better papers should remember the effect on the decent utility companies when they were staying in bed with H. C. Hopson of the Associated Gas and other really evil light and power influences. Unless that portion of the press which has integrity slaps down the antisocial news publishers, the entire press will be tainted as a single unit by a disgusted public. Maybe the revitalization of the press will be delayed until all columnists and editors who disagree with a Krock (including his own editors perchance) will answer back, point by point. Maybe such criticism of the Krocks of the press would persuade them to rely on facts, creditable and from disclosed public sources.

I'm not a softie in the field of criticism of public servants. I think it wholesome that they be kept on their toes by a vigilant press. I'm in favor of the pushing around of our officials. But must we keep on tripping them up with concealed strings? Must we continue to have sneaky nudges from hidden corners?

MORRIS ERNST.

This article is drawn from Mr. Ernst's forthcoming book, "The Best Is Yet," to be published soon by Harper & Brothers.

Garden Note

Ben Ray Redman

BRITTLE as old begonia stalks,
Frail as cosmos perilously swaying:
So were the days that broke in our hands,
So was the balance we held
Through the wind of the years.

Was it too much sun or too little
That yellowed the leaf?
Excess or dearth that rotted the root?
Had the buds been pinched
Would the blossoms have flourished?

Silent and rich, deep-spaded, manured,
Endless and always, the seasonless bed
Stirs to the infinite planting.

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VETERAN'S RETURN

As the course of the war in Europe draws momentarily closer to an end, what has hitherto been merely a subject for debate becomes a problem of immediate concern to all the nation. For the return of the service man, so ardently longed for, so fraught with possibilities for the future peace of the world, cannot be allowed to take the home front unprepared.

If mobilization is an undertaking that demands all the foresight, the courage, and the determination that a people has to give, demobilization requires no less of wisdom, resolution, and tact. The translation of the soldier into the civilian, and his readjustment to a normal world, involves psychological accommodation as well as economic, and the success of the conversion of the men under arms into members of a society geared for peace will depend not only upon themselves but as much, or more, on the attitude of the individuals and communities to which they return. It is no small problem which lies before us now, and it is one on which the whole shape of the future may depend.

Two facts stand out as of paramount significance. The first is that the soldier or sailor who has been at war will come out of it weary in body and mind, eager for home, as home has appeared to his yearning imagination, with its less pleasant aspects foreshortened in the perspective of absence, and its virtues thrown into high relief. Undoubtedly there will follow upon his return a period when exhilaration will be his mood, when home and family and friends will, perhaps briefly but at least briefly, be all he had pictured in his dreams, and when merely to be back will be joy enough. But inevitably that mood must pass, if only because inevitably the home folk themselves will return to the normal course of living and cease to center all their thoughts about him. The glamour that invests the hero will vanish with the uniform, and daily association rub off the edge of excited thanksgiving. And just as the hero will dwindle into the loved but taken-for-granted husband, or son, or brother, so also the relatives who have been transmogrified in his imagination during his absence will recover the lineaments of pre-war days in his eyes, and life will resume the strains and stresses it labored under before. The clearer the foreknowledge on the part of civilians that this will be so, the more able will they be to guard against friction, the more forebearing their reaction to the veteran's disillusionment, the greater their ability to help him from one existence to another.

Wider in its implications, more deep-seated even than the problem of family adjustment, however, is that of the unbridgable gap in experience between the returned veteran and the people at home. These boys who went away have returned men scarified by a knowledge of suffering and sacrifice, stark horror and heroic endurance of which no one who has not known war at first hand can have the faintest conception. Not books, nor letters from the front, nor pictures on the screen can convey an iota of the reality. We who get our knowledge of battle through such media think in another language from that of the men who have been through it. Try as we will we cannot understand what they do not even try to tell. Again and again we are told that the veteran home on leave is shocked by the appearance of lightheartedness and detachment the country presents. But it is not callousness or indifference which makes America seem to him so oblivious of war, but ignorance, lack of understanding, inability to see with the imagination what the fighting man has seen in the actuality.

With the best of effort, we can never know what he has known, and the fact that we cannot creates a chasm between us. It will be the easier to cross if the veteran and the civilian alike are aware that it exists, and so extend charity each toward the other. The better prepared we are beforehand to meet the problems that are sure to arise when demobilization begins, the more readily will the shock of readjustment be cushioned, the less will strains be generated. It behooves us all, now, at once, to think and plan and ripen our wisdom and tact against that happy day when the mind of the world will turn from destruction to rehabilitation and the service man will return to civilian life.

A. L.

Thoughts in Harney Valley

(IN THE OREGON DESERT)

By Charles Erskine Scott Wood

I LIE on the beach of an older sea
Than Solomon or Sheba knew.
Its billows broke, with none to see,
When first the sky was blue—
Strange shells are bedded in the shore,
Strange fishes, caught in finny play
When the great volcanoes belched their roar
And Ocean heaved and rocked on its floor,
The mountains cracking like a door,
And the sea fled westward, far away.
From the rim-rock's frozen, unforgetting rage
I look across an ancient sea gone dry;
A level wilderness of sand and sage
Jutting headlands, cape on cape,
And pale blue peaks against the sky.
Before Babylon or Nineveh, and still before,
My brother-savage swung his knotted club;
My sister savage suckled her brown cub
Under the watchful cliffs of this dead shore.
And yet in me there flows an elder flood
That lapped the very rim and edge of Time,
The rivulet of my still pulsing blood,
Which found its beat in pregnant Ocean slime;
And shall not fail through endless age and space
Till wide is split the illimitable dome,
And Earth a runner, beaten in the race,
Wearily comes home.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr. Bent on Grammar

SIR: An impecunious New York architect telegraphed his wife in New Jersey not long ago that he had tickets to a theatre that evening and jubilantly she invited four other couples. The message she received read: "Have got ten tickets." As I heard that story, a man in the audience who contemplated building a skyscraper saw the theatre party, concluded that the architect must be prosperous, and employed him. This I do not believe. No man ever profited from the use of the obsolescent past participle.

Why, I rise to inquire, should we say that a man is clean shaven when it is just as easy to say clean-shaved? Why that a fact is proven when it is proved? Why that we are shriven of our sins when shrived is preferred? Why not imitate po' white trash and say "fitten to eat"?

Misuse of the transitive is an offense of which the *SRL* is invariably tolerant. In a single issue I find Douglas Moore saying a visitor "was apparently being shown" around town, Roger Sessions that a listener "would be furnished with," and Bennett Cerf that Mrs. Erskine Caldwell "presented the author with a baby son." Joseph Wood Krutch, who writes the best English, I firmly believe, now current in this neck of the woods, says (but not in the *SRL*) that an actor was "assigned a role." He knew very well that the role was assigned to the actor. Mr. Krutch, for that matter, once used "if" for "whether," another of my pet verbal abominations, but there is no reason why a paragon should be Krutchified (the pun is Irwin Edman's) on a pinpoint.

If some one will explain to me how and why disillusionment means more than disillusion I promise to forgive Ralph Barton Perry, a favorite stylist of the *SRL,* for his persistent use of it. Yet he writes of "Lincoln Steffens, the disillusioned muckraker"; he owed it to himself to say Mr. Steffens was disillusionmented.

Another way to waste white paper is to say "as a matter of fact," to which the *SRL* has no objection, instead of "as a fact" or "in fact." If I seem to pick on *The Saturday Review* it is because all of us expect this tower of integrity to improve our minds and our grammar.

My sense of violent personal outrage at certain pet abominations arises, perhaps, from many years as a copy editor on newspapers. Before that began I worked as a reporter for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* of which Oliver K. Bovard was city editor. He was the only newspaper man I ever encountered who tried to teach me better English, not to waste space on "together with," not to say "in the past ten years," when I meant "in the last ten years," and not to say "secure" for "procure."

"Is it true to the motion picture?"

In the preamble to the Constitution we find "secure the blessings of liberty" whereas Madison, if he wrote it, know quite well those blessings could never be made secure anywhere. And in the immortal Declaration there is a reference to "unalienable" rights whereas alien is not of Anglo-Saxon derivation and should have taken the prefix *in,* not *un.* But then Jefferson, like writers for the *SRL,* was subject to editing. He was one of a committee appointed to draw up the document; Ben Franklin, John Adams, and the Continental Congress all took cracks at it. Jefferson wrote "We hold these truths to be sacred and undeniable"; probably it was Franklin who substituted "self-evident." I doubt whether it was an improvement. But Jefferson didn't mind being edited. He submitted thirteen clauses in his Bill of Rights and ten only were accepted.

There were occasions, Jefferson said, when "I hold grammatical rigor in contempt"; and again, in a little-known letter to John Waldo, "I concur entirely with you in opposition to purists." Perhaps overemphasis on usage is like Emerson's foolish consistency, "the hobgoblin of little minds."

SILAS BENT.

Old Greenwich, Conn.

"Word Harvest of '44"

SIR: I was greatly interested by Allen Walker Read's inventory of the 1944 Word Harvest [*SRL,* March 10], and would like to take this opportunity to acquaint you with some other newborn words receiving circulation in the amateur press.

Perhaps the best example that has caught hold is *fen,* used as the plural of fan. (And an obvious offshoot, *gentlefen.*) Although not a new word, it was given this meaning about two years ago, and applies to the amateur journalists, and fantasy followers and collectors. It can, of course, be used by any type of fan: movie, baseball, or you-name-it.

Another striking example having wide amateur journalistic circulation is *Dyktawo?* used by certain fen to explain away inferior paper, poor inks, reductions in quantity and sometimes quality, etc. "Don't you know there's a war on?" I'm fairly certain American amateurs lifted the word from British ditto, but just who originated it over there is something of a mystery. It is meant to be read, not pronounced.

Other examples are *fanzine* for fan magazine; *prozine* for professional ditto; *stef* (see Benét's column several issues back) for science-fiction and scientification; *droolsome* for dreary verbosity; and *slan* for fen having an above the average I.Q. (As might be surmised, this latter word has promptly boomeranged and now also carries a sarcastic connotation. You would say of one: "He has grown too big for his hat." The wearer of the word often walks arm-in-arm with the well-known delusions.)

Words were coined to designate the place of the prewar conventions: *Nycon* for New York; *Chicon* for Chicago, *Denvention* for Denver. There was to have been a *Lacon* or *Pacificon* but December 7 arrived first. Members of the Fantasy Amateur Press Press. are *faps.*

The classic is *fout!* It can be substituted for nuts! fudge! hell! or any four-letter Anglo-Saxon word you're in the habit of using.

BOB TUCKER.

Bloomington, Illinois.

SIR: Anent the article on new words, "republicrats" is not original with Sen. Pepper, as I coined that word—to-

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gether with the collateral demoblicans —in a presidential article ten years ago (I being a record-holding presidential interviewer).

As for that reference in the text that "words have influenced history," that I can attest with the term Dollar Diplomacy, which I coined for the *New York World* in 1909. A famous term since (erroneously explained by Webster's) it can be said to have altered the course of presidential campaigns and even war.

A. R. PINCI.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: May I add to Allen Walker Read's "Word Harvest of '44" the word *prosticutie,* invented by Arthur Caylor in *The San Francisco News* to signify a prostitute, more particularly the wartime "seagull" variety?

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD.

San Francisco.

Sir: One thing touched me deeply in Mr. Read's article: that he mentions several eminent refugees as creators of new words. That's an interesting point, these refugees being—many of them—learned men, who enter into their new—the English—language, with a big heritage and knowledge of other languages, which they introduce into English, just because they don't know yet the right English expression. And they try to give to the expression they know in their own language an English dress or flavor: a new word is created. Very often a funny word, laughed at by laymen, is deeply admired by linguists, who know how this new expression was born. They first use it putting invisible signs of quotation around, but after a time these ironic signs disappear. I try to study English and to get rid of these word-constructions: *faute de mieux* . . . but my American friends appreciate my honest *créations* to an average English, which never . . . never could be as good as theirs.

ROSE RICHTER.

New York, N. Y.
(I am Tchecoslovaque.)

From the South Pacific

SIR: Just a word to tell you that I have certainly missed *The Saturday Review of Literature,* these days way out here on the other side of the Pacific, where birds fly backwards, waterfalls run upside down, fish climb trees and men walk on fire. Ah yes, this is a strange world, this Pacific globe.

But speaking of strange it is more than strange to look at the body of a Marine, in some steamy jungle, ripped into shreds by a bayonet. It makes a person want to curse and cry because there are people back in the USA who still feel indifferent toward this war. I think you can understand that.

Well, anyway, it makes one have a good feeling to know some of the things he likes, such as the *SRL,* are still going along trying to hold the ends together. There will be a day when I can walk into the office and say "How about having the drinks on me?" Would you?

So with the kindest personal regards to you and the staff, I am,

PAUL TWITCHELL, LT., U.S.N.

Armed Guard Unit,
SS Grange Victory.

Miss Traubel Dissents

Helen Traubel, soprano, who has been with the Metropolitan Opera Company since 1937, *is one of the foremost interpreters of Wagnerian roles.*

SIR: May I commend you for an extremely interesting article in your issue of January 20 ("Background Music for Mein Kampf," by Mr. Paul Henry Lang); and may I also enter several mild dissents?

If I interpret Mr. Lang correctly, he seems to feel because the "social system of Wagner's Valhalla is composed of the same ruthlessness and violence, the same contempt for human values as is found in Nazism, Wagner is therefore himself a Nazi," and indeed the philosophy of "The Ring" is "background music" to the terrible drama in Germany today.

Now, surely the picture portrayed by a creative artist hardly connotes his moral approval of it, Mr. Lang! Shakespeare too abounds in violence and seductions, yet he personally, so far as I am aware, has not been called criminal because he created Iago and Macbeth.

Indeed, since Mr. Lang himself admits "The Ring" is social drama of protest—as Shaw puts it, "revolutionary in its implications," to me it seems Mr. Lang completely refutes his own contention: Does Wagner morally *approve* the social values of Valhalla when in "Goetterdaemmerung" the very weaknesses and moral defects that are the point of Wagner's drama bring Valhalla crashing down? Surely Gorki in "The Lower Depths" hardly contends poverty as admirable because poverty is the subject of the play: his purpose is the precise opposite!

Now, that Mr. Lang does not like Wagner's music, either, is a point with which I cannot quarrel! I personally do, and speaking as a performer, I like it for the very reasons Mr. Lang does not. I quite agree Wagner's operas are different from Verdi's and Puccini's and Bizet's; to me, that Wagner uses his orchestra pit not simply as a background supplementing the voice but as an integral part of the operatic-form, gives to Wagnerian opera a second dimension precisely as the addition of sound gave to the cinema a second dimension.

That Germany's death agonies today are reminiscent of "Goetterdaemmerung" is to me proof, less of "Background Music for Mein Kampf" than proof that Wagner was not only a great musician but also a great social prophet.

As someone once said, life follows art; surely do not blame the artist when history proves him right!

HELEN TRAUBEL.

A Reply to Norman Angell

New York, N. Y.

SIR: In answer to Norman Angell's article in *SRL* decrying the American peoples' repudiation of Wilson's policies—if the Saar plebiscite had also been repudiated Hitler would not have had the implements of war.

Some college women have known the price of interfering with the traffic in women and children. Only Americans had the individual's inalienable rights. Why risk them?

ANTI-ELECT PRESBYTERIAN.

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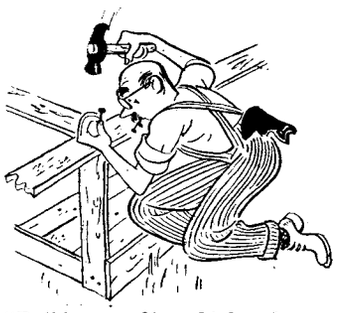
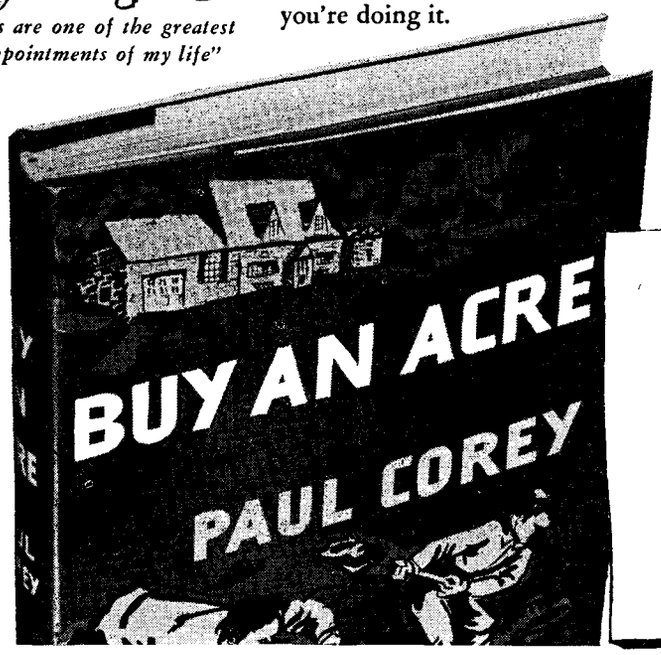


"Build yourself a chicken house and give your snooty friends the bird"

"Goats are one of the greatest disappointments of my life"

"So it leans a little —so what?"



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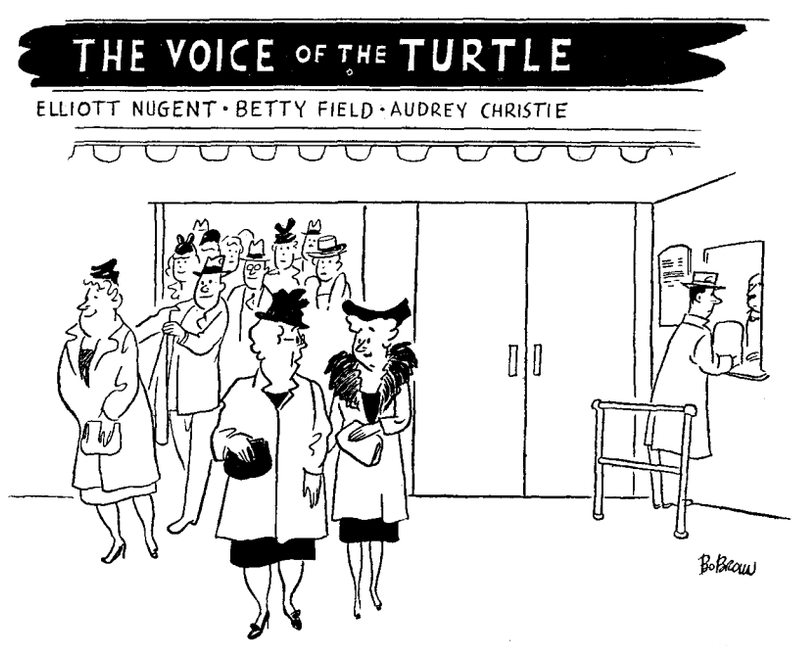
TRADE Winds

SINCE THE DAYS when George S. Kaufman served as drama editor of the *New York Times,* the Sunday drama section of that paper has been a model for the rest of the country's press to follow. It is newsy, gay, and comprehensive; read in conjunction with Abel Green's indispensable weekly, *Variety,* it will keep any lover of the theatre completely au courant with the Broadway scene. . . . A recent issue describes John Hersey's reaction to the Paul Osborn dramatization of his own "A Bell for Adano"; naturally enough, it was the first thing he headed for on his return from Russia. He loved it. "I wish," he said, "I had thought of some of those lines Osborne did. And I liked the sound of that bell. You can't write that noise on paper." . . . In an adjoining column the incomparable Frank Sullivan tells about the time he went backstage at "Arsenic and Old Lace" to tell Boris Karloff he was a chump to go on acting instead of getting aboard the real gravy train "on the side of the angels." "Before I left on this expedition," says Frank, "I carefully donned an old Hopi war mask in order to scare Karloff before he got a chance to scare me. 'It's Russel Crouse,' screamed Karloff in terror, and before I could reassure the poor chap by unmasking, the clock struck midnight and we both turned into pumpkins." . . . Sullivan's advice evidently impressed Mr. Karloff because he is listed as one of the forty-one backers of "The Hasty Heart." . . .

TWO NEW BOOKS of short stories stand out about ten miles beyond anything else in the season's output. One is Katherine Anne Porter's "The Leaning Tower" (Harcourt). The other is John O'Hara's "Pipe Night" (Duell). It is impossible to imagine two books more unlike in every respect, but both of them have a lot more to offer than ninety per cent of the stuff on the current best seller lists. . . . Another new Harcourt book is "Rockets and Jets" by Herbert S. Zim, which explains in simple terms the practical aspects of jet propulsion. . . . Harry Warner, in California, phoned Col. Robert Scott, author of "God Is My Co-Pilot," in Washington, one morning at ten to tell him his picture was finished, and would be run off in the studio at five that afternoon. Scott was testing one of the new jet planes that day. He headed it for Hollywood and was the first man in his seat for the screening! . . . The maximum speed that can be attained by these incredible machines, and the altitude at which they fly, are still military secrets, but a prediction made at the Dutch Treat Club some years ago by Aviator Frank Hawks no longer sounds as fantastic as it did then. "Some of you men," said Hawks, "will live to see the day when airplanes fly as fast as the motion of the earth about the sun. You'll be able to climb into a plane in New York at nine in the morning, and arrive in Los Angeles at *precisely the same time. . . .*"

SYDNEY SMITH, known in his time as "the wittiest man in England," died just a hundred years ago, and W. Orton Tewson has been collecting some stories about him for his lively syndicated feature, "An Attic Salt-Shaker." Smith found his sense of humor a handicap to his advancement in the church. King George III remarked, "He's a very clever fellow—but he'll never be a bishop." He was right. Smith died "a mere Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral." . . . A doctor once advised him to take a long walk every morning on an empty stomach. "Upon whose?" asked Smith. When the marriage of a certain bishop was rumored, Smith hooted, "Very unlikely! How can a bishop marry? How can he even flirt? The very most he dare whisper is 'I will see you in the vestry after service.'" . . . He didn't like Thomas Macaulay. "The really delightful parts of Macaulay's conversation," he remarked, "are his infrequent flashes of silence." "Madam," he told a lady who was known as a gossip, "Go where you will, do what you like; I have the most unbounded confidence in your indiscretion." Walking down an alley close to St. Paul's, he heard two women abusing each other from opposite windows. Said Smith, "They will never agree, for they argue from opposite premises." . . . The best book on the subject is "The Smith of Smiths" by Hesketh Pearson, biographer of Shaw. . . .

"FOREVER AMBER" is out of stock a good deal of the time, but that does not seem to deter the readers of Trade Winds from submitting bon mots regarding Miss Winsor's all-conquering charade. . . . One customer in Phyllis Ballou's Portland, Oregon, store didn't like it. "Who wants all that English history?" she asked. . . . The Baker Library at Dartmouth slyly favors applicants for the book with a Murray Hill publication on the origin of electrical science entitled "The Soul of Amber," a ruse that has not been conspicuously successful to date. "We do have two copies of 'Forever,' or 'Soulless' here," adds the Dartmouth Library Bulletin. "As we go to press there are twenty-seven names on the waiting list. It has taken the first seven readers an average of twelve days apiece to read the gaudy item. Twelve times twenty-seven. You figure it out. At that rate the wait of the later applicants for Amber will come pretty close to forever." . . . Al Meyers of the Emporium in San Francisco, bought a big remainder of "Moll Flanders" and "Roxana, the Virtuous Mistress." "Pile them up alongside 'Forever Amber,'" he told his staff.



"Which one do you think was supposed to be the turtle?"

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"Let's go over to that writer's house—he always has about fifty pounds of rejection slips."

"After all they're pieces of the period." They sold out the lot in three days. . . . A contributor whose name is omitted for humanitarian reasons writes, "That's what we'd have if traffic lights were suddenly suspended between 'stop' and 'go': forever amber." . . . What with one thing and another, I'm beginning to feel sorry I ever heard of this book. So, I suspect, are a lot of Macmillan salesmen. . . .

PAGEANT, the digest magazine that began its career with such fanfare so short a time ago, has run into bumpy weather already. Eugene Lyons has quit as editor ("to write a book," he explains). During the summer *Pageant* probably will come out every other month. . . . Publishers' Row was shocked by the sudden death, at the age of forty, of Sam Sloan of Duell, Sloan & Pearce. . . . "Quote" carries a story about an old Negro who was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary and asked by the judge if he had anything to say. The old man inquired "Ain't you bein' a bit lib'ral wid my time?" . . . Cheering thought from a book by Remy de Gourmont: "It is because peoples do not know each other that they hate each other so little." . . . A recent addition to the Hollywood ranks, Alan Reed (who created the role of Falstaff on the Fred Allen program) explained that he had changed his name from Bergman. "Where could I get with a name like Bergman?" he asked. "Who knows?" was the reply. "Ingrid Bergman is doing all right." . . . A sergeant has bobbed up who is actually named "Harvard Yale Princeton." I like his explanation: "My old man," he says, "seems to have fancied himself as a humorist." . . .

MACMILLAN has published Mary Thomas's "Book of Knitting Patterns." "It is guaranteed," quips Charles Lee, "to keep milady in stitches." . . . Major Bill Walling flew on his first combat mission in the Southwest Pacific on the 27th anniversary of his first flight in France in 1917. His partner, Printer Ted Mortimer, comments, "I don't know where I get my paper, and I don't know where Bill gets his youth and vitality!" . . . Benn Hall, formerly of Duell, is a new addition to Doubleday's promotion department. . . . Ben Zevin has been elected President of World Publishing. I hope his exalted new position will not deter him from continuing his always lively house-organ, "Counterpoints." Last month he told of the time Lawyer Morris Ernst was defending in a New York court Schnitzler's comparatively innocuous "Casanova's Homecoming." Ernst offered to present signed affidavits by various literary luminaries. The judge said he'd be glad to see letters from Sinclair Lewis, Theodore Dreiser, H. L. Mencken, and Heywood Broun. After Ernst had won the case, the judge told him, "I really didn't need those letters to reach a decision, but my son collects autographs." . . .

A corporal, just back from overseas, was in our office this week to report that he's not coming back to the publishing business when he's mustered out. "I'm opening a machine shop in Brooklyn," he said, "and I've got the perfect name for it: The Diesel and Dosel Engine Works."

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

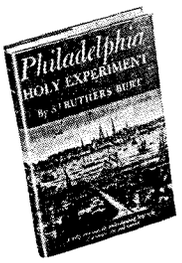
I HAPPENED to be the first one to read the ms. of **This Time Forever** by STANLEY KAUFFMANN, and my thoughts for several days afterwards were tinged with remembrance of far off, long-forgotten things, and the conviction that every man's Philippa is his castle. Philippa in the book is the girl in the miniature whom Kenneth Gibbs keeps in his heart. She becomes real to him: she sits on the edge of his bathtub and advises him, consoles him. Already as real to him as The Velveteen Rabbit, Kenneth finds her sitting on a bench at The Cloisters, only to lose her on a Number 4 Bus. When he finds her again, a new extraordinary sequence of events brings to the reader a sense of the freshness of life. There is a haunting beauty about the book, like shell flowers under a glass bell. And somehow it sticks with you.

★ ★ ★

YOU might look at the jacket of **The Nature of the Beast,** by RUTH NOBLE, and yawn at the thought of just another nature book. But you would be wrong. This is no book meant for middle-aged spinsters, spindly girls in pigtails, or people whose voices sound like mashed potato. This pioneer book, based on the life work of a noted biologist, covers every feature of animal behavior from the cold shoulder to love's embrace. Tests more fascinating than the word games of suburban commuters are described. Every walk, lope, and flight of animal life on all fronts is recorded, in a way to make you stand up on all fours and take notice.

★ ★ ★

Philadelphia, its politics, its food;
Its Balloon ascension, Chippewas, and the people that are good.
Philadelphia, its "red light" district, its Penn;
Its Barrymores, Biddles, Cadwaladers, its architecture when.
Its nicknames, layout, racquet club.
Its history of shipbuilding, its intellectual hub;
Its stamp upon its people, its hearts and minds alert;
Look into this HOLY EXPERIMENT,
By witty STRUTHERS BURT.



paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

OVERSEAS EDITION OF THE BROWNINGS

THE Scotch are not the only people pleased by the prospect of getting something for nothing. Every mortal normally accouched is beguiled by the illusion of a bargain. "Buy this set of O. Henry," the advertisements used to hint, "and we will throw in the complete works of de Maupassant—for nothing." Or was it the other way around?

Whether it was de Maupassant who carried O. Henry, or O. Henry who carried de Maupassant, I cannot for the life of either one of them remember. All I know is that the buyer carried both. But we, who read those ads, were happy. We accepted them as joyous proofs that the law of supply and demand had been repealed. It pleased us to persuade ourselves that two authors could be had for the price of one.

Such bargain-hunters should be overjoyed in the presence of Katharine Cornell's revival of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."* At least they should be, if they are of my vintage, and hence happen to have seen Rudolf Besier's play when first Miss Cornell appeared in it. These bargain-hunters, you see, are now being offered three long plays on the same stage, and all for the price of one.

Even if two of these plays exist only in the mind's eye, three productions of "The Barretts" are nonetheless to be encountered simultaneously. The first is "The Barretts" of remembrance. The second is the play we now see. The third, perhaps the most haunting of the lot, is "The Barretts" as audiences in New York hear its lines, imagining what they must have meant to the G.I.'s overseas for whom Miss Cornell has acted.

A lot of bridges have gone under the water since Miss Cornell's original production. When first she took to her couch as the Andromeda of Wimpole Street, the year was 1931. The world was then so different a place that it is impossible to remember either it or us quite as we were. The land was in the grip of the depression. Breadlines dotted the streets. An apple, by being sold, was for many keeping more than the doctor away. To the despair of its Rotary Club, city after city was being increased by an ugly real estate development known, wherever its pathetic makeshift huts appeared, as Hooverville.

It was all so long ago that Mr. Roosevelt had not even entered the White House. Hitler was bad news but not yet Chancellor. The promptness of Il Duce's trains still won for him the admiration of travellers whose thinking stopped with their watches and their comforts. England's king was George V; Ramsay MacDonald, her prime minister. And the cherry trees which border the basin in Washington were then referred to as Japanese.

Although enduring hard times, men lived under the illusion of peace. The portents, which should have been unmistakable when they came, had not as yet appeared. If in America the shrinkage of geography had not become clear, the tightening of belts had. Some six months were to pass before the Japs invaded Manchuria. Four years were to slip by before the Ethiopian "incident" sent up its storm warnings; and five before the Spanish Civil War.

During that far-off winter of 1931, playgoers in New York enjoyed such a mixed fare as "Alison's House," "Elizabeth the Queen," "Once in a Lifetime," "Private Lives," and "Grand Hotel."

Had the theatre-goers, who that year crowded into the Empire on the night of February 9 to see Miss Cornell, read their *New York Times* that morning, they would have found no banner headlines. They would, however, have discovered that General Smedley Butler had been let off merely with a reprimand for saying in a public speech that Mussolini's automobile had run down and killed a child. They would have learned that Republican chiefs planned to sidetrack the Navy building bill. That the Russia, which had determined to join a pan-Europe parley, was considering the drafting of housewives. That the city snowfall was providing jobs for 18,000. That Governor Roosevelt was to unify the state health work in a fifteen-year plan. That the heads of the Bank of United States were faced with jury action in a suit for $20,000,000. Oh, yes, and that some bandits, who got $7,000 in a midtown hold-up, had carelessly overlooked $75,000 in the Brass Rail Restaurant.

I exhume these headlines only because they may serve to set the very different background against which all of us, as very different people, assembled fourteen years ago to see Miss Cornell's first night of "The Barretts." Sitting before the play now, it is impossible, as I say, to recapture those vanished days or what has vanished in ourselves.

—*SRL Drawing by Winn*
Katharine Cornell

But "The Barretts" as a play does somehow or other remain a constant, even in the theatre where the passage of a month can erode and stale and wither. The present revival does, too, dislodge long-sleeping memories. Miss Cornell smiling that widespread, radiant smile of hers, with her head upturned in Elizabeth Barrett's sickroom like a flower seeking the sunlight. Miss Cornell looking very lovely and wan upon the sofa, and wearing her black hair in spaniel's curls. Miss Cornell with her arms around a reddish Flush, also wearing spaniel's curls in those days.

Brian Aherne at his first entrance, as full of bounce as a rubber ball; Mr. Aherne's young Robert Browning bursting with enough vitamins not only to cure a poetess but to energize an army. And Margaret Barker, then fresh from Baltimore and untrammelled by Stanislavski's system, creating a Henrietta hot with defiance. And Charles Waldron, white-faced and villainous as Moulton-Barrett, but still not exuding sulphur. And Mr. Mielziner's tastefully recreated Victorian room, swarming at times with cowed youngsters.

These are everyone's memories of Miss Cornell's first production of "The Barretts." I must admit that, much as I admired Miss Cornell's frail poetess, and delighted as I was at the time to have had her forsake the murderesses and melodramas upon which she had been squandering her talents, "The

**THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET, a play by Rudolf Besier. Revived at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre. Directed by Guthrie McClintic. Settings and costumes by Jo Mielziner. With a cast including Katharine Cornell, Brian Aherne, McKay Morris, Brenda Forbes, Emily Lawrence, etc.*

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Barretts" was never a favorite play of mine.

I find upon consulting my old files in the *Post,* which are now autumn-yellow in color, that I apparently liked the play when first seen better than all these years I remember liking it. "It is by no means a perfect play," I had pontificated as a young critic who was apparently a perfectionist in all things except criticism, "but in spite of its occasionally becalmed moments and the fact that much of its comedy is broadened into caricature of a fairly regrettable sort; in spite, too, of what it may lose by being forced to condense a protracted and very subtle courtship until it fits into the obvious needs of the theatre, 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street' remains an interesting play, possessed of such decided merits (both as written and acted) that it cannot help but hold your attention and command your respect."

Since all mortals like to be in agreement with themselves, it pleases me to find myself agreeing utterly with that pompous verdict dashed off years ago after the local opening. In fairness to Mr. Besier's script, I must confess it has withstood the ravages of time as few plays do which still ask to be accepted as contemporary. The fact that it remains unchanged, when all of us and the world around us have altered immeasurably, is the most valid compliment it can be paid.

Miss Cornell's present revival is, as it were, an Overseas Edition of the original. With the exception of her own Elizabeth, and Brenda Forbes's changeless, hence perfect, performance of the maid, Wilson, it has its difficulties now and then adjusting itself to the needs and values of civilian audiences and an intimate theatre in New York.

Mr. Aherne's first entrance, for example, remained on the opening night what it has always been. It amounted to what we now know as pure plasma; a Blood Bank in costume. But in his second act Mr. Aherne got carried away, so to speak, by his cape. He was all over the place, playing his love scene not as an individual but for all the soldiers outfront. He kissed Miss Cornell as if he were the walking delegate for every starved G.I. overseas.

Although excellent at times as the evening progressed, McKay Morris's Moulton-Barrett had his introductory moments of over-obvious villainy, when the corners of his pale mouth dropped down to meet his boots and when he turned his eyes into the equivalents of those slits in Pullman cars into which male passengers are invited to drop their discarded razor blades. And Flush was no longer a cocker spaniel. He was a Skye terrier; beautifully subordinate, charming, and

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stage-broken, and a brave trouper to the war zones; but nonetheless a tousled mite calculated to have saddened Virginia Wolfe.

Miss Cornell's Elizabeth Barrett continues to be one of the finest of her many fine performances. Her spaniel curls may have gone in order to remind us that wig-dressers are unavailable overseas. This is Miss Cornell's one concession to the exigencies of war. Her flowing black hair, now flecked with gray, may be wrong for the period, and wrong for Elizabeth. But Miss Cornell's Miss Barrett is not confined to her hair-do. It is a matter of the spirit; of a poetry, a courage, and a love that shine from within. The zeal, which sent her overseas for the USO, is still part of the effulgence of her present performance.

FOR all of us who missed it in Italy, France, Holland, and Germany, this revival of "The Barretts" is a haunted production. Wimpole Street in a cruelly bombed London is one of its ghosts. Our own past is another. But the ghosts who elbow their way insistently on to the stage again and again, pushing even Robert and Elizabeth Browning aside, are the thousands upon thousands of G.I.'s across the Atlantic to whom Miss Cornell carried the play, regardless of risk or discomfort.

Obviously, these boys laughed at "Italy is a vastly overrated country." Obviously they relished, "I should be more than willing, if necessary, to give up soldiering and take up some money-making business." And other such lines scattered throughout the text.

But why, one is forced to ask, why did the choice of this particular play prove to be inspired among men facing death? Frankly, I do not know. It is the last play I would have been wise enough to select for such a mission. Aside from the hunger of these men for entertainment and their need to refresh their minds on fare more agreeable than their daily living, and even beyond Miss Cornell's skill and beauty, and the play's quiet interest, I can only guess at the other reasons.

Was it because they were happy not to be condescended to? Was it because they were delighted to find the theatre's best considered good enough for them? Was it because the discipline to which they were subject made them sympathetic to those suffering under the tyranny of the elder Barrett? Or was it perhaps because they unconsciously identified the world's invalidism with Elizabeth Barrett's, feeling that what she could triumph over and ultimately get away from, they too in time could vanquish and at last put behind them?

JOHN MASON BROWN.

SCIENCE—WITH AND WITHOUT WISDOM

(*Continued from page* 8)

on the efficacy of one type of therapy —a therapy requiring the use of a drug manufactured exclusively by a firm which contributes a substantial yearly sum to the research budget of the hospital. "Of all the treatments you might have exploded," the director of research exclaimed, "why did you have to pick just this one?"

This bare account of the freedoms involved in scientific method must be supplemented with two reminders. The first is that the exercise of these freedoms entails recognition of objective criteria of validity which we are not free to reject or revise as we please. The second is that however much we may insist on these freedoms as *ideals* to which actual practice ought to conform, there are factors inherent in the very process of inquiry which prevent their perfect realization.

IT is important in studying the operations of scientific method to distinguish carefully between the *anthropology* and the *causal determinants of successful research* on the one hand, and the *logic* or *principles of weighing evidence* on the other. The distinction is a very familiar one indeed. For example, any one who has ever solved a problem in geometry knows that the circumstances and the temporal sequence in which the solution was found are *not* represented by the formal exposition of the final proof. The formal exposition involves questions of logic, and the only relevant issue connected with it is whether the conclusion does follow strictly from the assumptions which were made. Considerations of the circumstances under which the proof was found throw no light upon this issue; but it may be relevant to a question of another sort—namely, the determination of the existential, causal conditions under which research is most effectively conducted.

The study of the causal determinants of successful research has thus far yielded fairly meager results. The only general rule in this connection

which it is possible to affirm with any assurance is the oft-repeated but still valuable proposition of the logic texts, that an investigator must come to his work with a mind prepared to appreciate the significance of what he observes, that he must have some hypothesis or initial conjecture in terms of which he is to gather evidence and conduct his analyses. But although this rule will tell a man faced with a problem that he had better acquire some ideas, it offers him no clue as to how significant ideas are to be found. And we know no general principle relevant to the existential conditions which must be present when fruitful ideas are generated—though we usually hide our ignorance by invoking the powers of "genius" or the acts of God in order to "explain" the emergence of such ideas. Moreover, we know no other general laws, except very trivial ones, concerning the necessary conditions for effective research. One may be tempted to cite in this connection various laws of health and hygiene; but the history of science and the biographies of scientists suggest that these laws are violated almost as often as they are confirmed. Some men work best when they are under great emotional stress, others require almost complete repose. Some men find physical exercise a valuable stimulant, others find a more potent one in alcohol or music. Some men obtain inspiration and seminal ideas from the literature of mysticism, others do better by painting a canvas or the side of a barn. Some men work best in solitude, others in company. There is, in short, no assignable limit to the differences between research workers in this respect. It is elementary wisdom, therefore, to enforce no uniform regimentation upon them, and to permit each one to determine for himself the circumstances under which he works most effectively.

On the other hand, while a man should be granted practically unlimited freedom in this matter, he can enjoy very little freedom when issues of logic or the weight of evidence are involved. To be sure, in the inductive sciences we do not possess clear-cut validating forms, analogous to those which obtain in pure mathematics and formal logic, in terms of which one might decide in a rigorous manner whether the evidence for a given conclusion is sufficient to establish the latter as warranted. For in the positive sciences of nature the main logical issue is not whether a given proposition strictly follows from assumed premises, but whether the experimental

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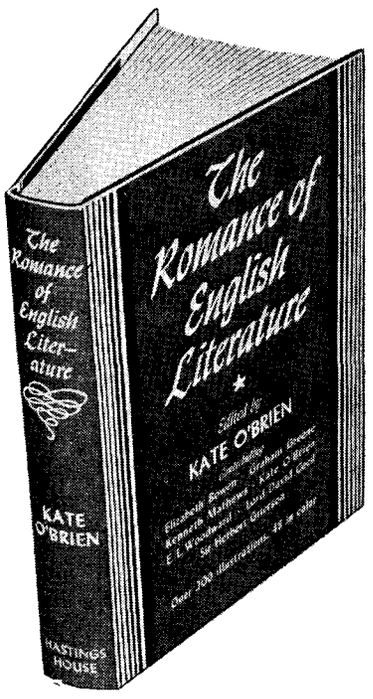

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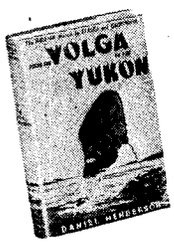

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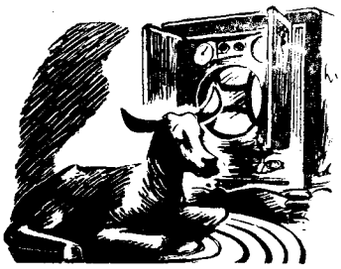

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evidence warrants assigning a high degree of "probability" to a given statement. But although there are few rigid principles in terms of which degrees of probability must be assigned to propositions, there are nevertheless fairly definite criteria—habitually employed by anyone doing work in a certain field—which fix the limits within which evidence must fall if the latter is to be adequate. These limits are not arbitrarily chosen—they are the products of long experience in conducting inquiry; to ride roughshod over them or to ignore them is to exhibit caprice and intellectual irresponsibility.

Accordingly, there is only *one method,* only one logic, for establishing claims to truth. Those who think there are many ways of finding things out, many ways of acquiring knowledge, seem to me badly mistaken. They either employ the word "knowledge" without discrimination, so that *any* experience becomes for them a case of knowledge; or, finally, they fail to distinguish between special techniques which may be required in restricted domains—for example, spectroscopic techniques in astrophysical researches—and the pervasive principles involved in weighing evidence.

Mystic and religious experience, or esthetic enjoyments, are not as such cases of knowledge, however much inspiration and suggestion a man may receive from them; they are not methods for finding things out, in the sense of being valid or reliable alternatives to the method employed in the sciences for establishing claims to truth. No doubt men may acquire convictions as a consequence of such experiences, which may lead them to challenge other men's views; but having convictions is not enough to constitute knowledge, for a conviction must first be submitted to criticism in the light of the evidence before it acquires a significant cognitive status. It is a mark of intellectual irresponsibility and indolence—from which perhaps no one is completely free—to assert beliefs as true when they are adopted without, or in spite of, evidence. In any event, the freedom required to practise scientific method is not the freedom to disregard the authority of canons of evidence.

BUT as already noted, the freedoms claimed in the name of scientific method are seldom realized perfectly. I wish to consider briefly only the obstacles to their realization which come from the incidence of intellectual traditions and fashions indigenous to science, or from the pressure of pragmatic factors inherent in inquiry.

One is easily duped in political matters if one supposes that any actual government is simply one of laws and not of men. Analogously, it is well to realize that, after all, it is human beings who carry on research, and not a disembodied "pure" reason. They bring to their researches ideas and attitudes which control—at least in part—what they observe and what they conclude; and the supposition that everything in science is actually decided by the weight of logic alone, is seriously misleading if accepted without qualification. The influence of personal preferences and the inertia of traditional conceptions in matters of research can be mitigated by exposure to discussion and criticism; but although in theory no question in science is closed beyond the possibility of reconsideration, decisions must be made in science as in other human enterprises, and the operation of such influences cannot be completely eliminated. This helps to explain the fact, often noted in connection with the history of science, that it is sometimes more difficult to state why certain discoveries were not made than why at a subsequent period they were.

In many modern disciplines research is a large-scale institutional enterprise, and directors of research are frequently employed to determine the most promising lines of investigation and to coördinate different lines of inquiry. Such centralized control is unavoidable and undoubtedly beneficial. Nevertheless, a director's decisions are not infallibly the best ones, and even when a laboratory is organized democratically his voice may carry the day simply because of the position of authority he occupies. Moreover, it is general practice to select for such positions the older and more experienced men in a profession; and while this too has its advantages, it is often the case that as a consequence the ideas which are exploited at a given institution will be those which have seen their best days a generation or two ago.

But there are more subtle and less

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*Canadian poet (1892-).

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easily corrected influences than those of personal prestige which may be operative in research—namely, the influence of widespread intellectual traditions, often not explicitly recognized, which stand in the way of a successful expansion of knowledge. Divisions between sciences are perpetuated as a matter of custom, with a consequent slowing down of research in each. The development of sound conceptions in biology was delayed for centuries because of the dominance of a crude teleological point of view. The penchant for easily vizualizable models of physical transactions, doubtless engendered by longstanding habits of dealing with simple machines, dominated the work of British physicists for more than a century. The tacit supposition that every science must rest on self-evident principles is at the bottom of much analysis in economics, jurisprudence, and ethics; and on the other hand, many contemporary workers in the social sciences still have not recovered from their exposure to evolutionary modes of thought, and look with suspicion upon any systematic—but non-historical—analyses of social material. Illustrations of the same theme can be found in the recent history of psychology. More than three-score years before the advent of Gestalt psychology, fundamental experimental results had been obtained concerning the differences between perceptions and their stimuli—results which in fact were irreconcilable with the then fashionable atomistic conceptions of the mind's action, and which anticipated some of the major claims of Gestalt psychology. Nevertheless, Gestalt psychologists had no easy time in getting a favorable hearing for their views. As a historian of the science remarks, "Contradiction does not seriously menace strong habits of thought when their character is not consciously recognized." And there is more than a trace of justice in Bertrand Russell's comment that animals studied by Americans rush about frantically and achieve the desired result by chance, while animals observed by Germans sit still and evolve a solution by pure thought.

It would be easy to continue in this vein. But to end on this note would be to end on a misleading one. Certainly I do not wish to suggest that personal, national, or traditional bias are in the saddle in the sciences. On the contrary, though men's minds do not operate in an intellectual vacuum, the winds of doctrine which sway them do not prevent the exercise of a radical, cleansing criticism of scientific conceptions, with the consequent acquisition of a permanent body of warranted knowledge. Moreover, the tenacity which scientists exhibit in holding on to theories in spite of patent defects in them is not simply the manifestation of blind intellectual inertia. It is sometimes asked why, for example, physicists did not abandon the framework of Newtonian ideas in mechanics already in the nineteenth century, since the fundamental defects of those ideas were clearly pointed out—for instance, in the writings of Ernst Mach—long before the theory of relativity was worked out. And the question usually carries with it the general suggestion that even eminent scientists are hidebound by tradition and tend to swim with the current. It seems to me, however, that a more judicious answer is available, one which avers that a theory in science is adopted because of its heuristic value for organizing experimental data and for directing new analysis into them. A purely negative criticism of a theory, no matter how sound in principle the criticism may be, is not sufficient to cause such a theory to be abandoned as long as a better *substitute* for it is not at hand. Thus, although Mach's critique of Newtonian mechanics was essentially sound it did not, by itself, constitute a fully worked out alternative to it. And until Mach's critique eventuated, years later, in a more perfect alternative theory, it was not the sheer inertia of tradition which made physicists cling to Newtonian conceptions. Tenacity, also, has its virtues and its rationale.

Ernest Nagel is associate professor of philosophy at Columbia University. He is the author of "The Logic of Measurement."

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THE EXPANDING HORIZONS OF JEFFERSON

(*Continued from page* 11)

the sovereign members of the crumbling Confederation a common interest in the form of Virginia's gift of the Northwestern Territory to the Union (Jefferson wrote the Ordinance), ratifying the peace treaty (Jefferson was chairman of the Committee of Ratification), and setting the direction and goal of foreign policy for the Confederation (it was Jefferson who framed the instruction regarding treaties of commerce and the like).

To further a foreign policy that would strengthen a crumbling Confederation loaded with debts it could not pay, misrepresented and discredited by British propaganda, Jefferson was sent to join the aged Franklin in Paris, and in due course became his successor. John Adams was already in London. Living largely at his own expense, Jefferson had to assuage his country's creditors, arrange for trade agreements on the broadest base (which meant, among other things, conflict with Gouverneur Morris over the tobacco monopoly), listen to South American projects for the liberation of South American countries from the Spanish yoke, seek coöperation in a plan to end the blackmail of the Barbary pirates by arms, seek for loans in Holland, and for easements in England. The non-official society in which he moved was "intellectual and Bohemian"—encyclopaedists, painters, sculptors, précieuses. During his second year in France, the Virginia Ordinance of Religious Liberty was adopted and he distributed copies among Europeans. Wherever he went, he sought to observe the life and labor of the people; and the more he saw, the stronger grew his preference for American ways. He was particularly irked by the sight of women doing men's work, and stern about the causes of that. He had his judgment of "heavy military establishments," as well as of "little tyrants" who have "disarmed the people."

Meanwhile, France moved toward her Revolution and the Confederation of American States toward their Union. Madison and Monroe in America kept their guide, philosopher, and friend in France abreast of the events leading to the Constitutional Convention and to the framing of the Constitution.

Concerning Jefferson's relation to the French Revolution, Mr. Bowers charges the writing of a great deal of "slovenliness and slop, inspired by partizan malice." He shows the American minister, his hero, constantly consulted by liberals like Lafayette and others, and only liberals; he shows him visited by de Rochefoucault, by the noble Condorcet; he shows him offering Lafayette fatherly advice; punctiliously notifying the King's minister Montmorin of the conferences Lafayette and his associates sought with him; and the latter urged by Montmorin that he "would habitually assent" to give advice. He shows Jefferson drafting a "Charter of Rights" for his French friends.

Concerning Jefferson's relation to the Constitution, Mr. Bowers points up the fact that he had received a copy of it from Madison in November, 1787, that he immediately urged its amendment with a clause against reëlection to the presidency, and with a Bill of Rights; that he devoted all his powers of reason and persuasion on the behalf of such a bill as was finally adopted. He calls attention to Jefferson's "unique debate" with James Madison on the need of such a bill, which historians have "passed over."

THE American Bill of Rights has been adopted, the French Bastille has been torn down. Jefferson asks for leave to go home. He has reached the middle of the road of his life. Forty-five years old, he is no longer "the young Jefferson"—if he ever was; or if he was, if he ever really grew older. There is a consistency, a continuity about his being and doing for which I know hardly a parallel, and they are carried on an undertide of feeling and faith which even such devotees as Mr. Bowers can hardly be said to sense. Thus, commenting on what he calls Jefferson's "sentimental interlude" with Maria Cosway, and with the famous "Dialogue Between My Head and My Heart" in mind, Bowers says, "as a philosopher and politician Jefferson seems cold as a steel engraving, but here we have unmistakable proof that he was not without susceptibility and sentiment where women were concerned."

He might have cited many other places "where women were concerned," for Jefferson had a way with him in his communications to women. But why did Mr. Bowers miss the import of the dialogue where the war for independence was concerned? "If our country when pressed with wrongs at the point of the bayonet," Jefferson made Heart say, "had been governed by its heads instead of its hearts, where should we be now? Hanging on a gallows as high as Haman's. You began to calculate and to compare wealth and numbers; we threw up a few pulsations of our blood, we supplied enthusiasm against wealth and numbers, we put our existence to the hazard when the hazard seemed against us, and we saved our country. . . ." This is of a piece with his letter to Washington regarding the latter's election as President of the United States: "there are cases wherein there is a duty to risk all against nothing, and I believe this was exactly the case." In expressions of this sort we confront the hidden core of Jefferson's being.

Without this fighting faith in freedom, this readiness for its sake to put existence to hazard, to risk all against nothing, Jefferson might have been the philosopher of the American Revolution, but not the shaper of American ways toward freedom. Through him, more than through Franklin and Tom Paine, the affirmations of the American Revolution and the French Revolution become confluent, the events become members of one another, and the critical turn of the modern world toward democracy is not upon an American Revolution, nor a French Revolution, but upon something which, however divergent in place and plot, is spiritually singular and one, an organic French-American Revolution. Mr. Bowers gives us to see, as earlier writers do not, how Jefferson lived by that reasoned faith, that instructed courage which Plato, whom Jefferson despised, called wisdom concerning dangers. Reading of his hero in Mr. Bowers's pages, one thinks of Pericles, one is reminded of Lincoln: "the principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of a free society."

Of Course, the Entire Intelligent World Knows that Hitler is Nuts, But Here, for the First Time, Is Scientific Evidence of His Insanity

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Yardstick for China

CHINA AMONG THE POWERS. By David Nelson Rowe. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 205 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by A. WHITNEY GRISWOLD

THE capacity of the American people for believing what they want to believe concerning foreign countries is remarkable. This is true particularly of our popular attitude toward two of the principal countries with whose destinies our own is most clearly involved, Russia and China. It was long a fashion to hear no good of the former, no ill of the latter. We seriously underestimated Russia's strength prior to 1940, and we are still inclined to overestimate China's. To save us from this error, the consequences of which would be as harmful to the Chinese as they would be to ourselves, Mr. Rowe has made a systematic appraisal of China's economic, political, and military resources, concluding with the judgment that China "holds prestige outweighing her real ability to influence action and make policy in the international field." In short, though none will deny China's moral claims to being a great power, the amorphous and essentially primitive character of her own economy and government make it impossible for her to play that role.

Mr. Rowe's text is a model of political science. It is clear, well organized, and carefully documented. It consists of nine chapters divided into four parts. Part I states the importance of China to the United States in maintaining the security of the western Pacific and appraises her present military strength far below that of a great power. Part II discusses in considerable detail China's three main sources of military power: manpower, foodstuffs, and industrial raw materials—too much of the first, not enough of the second and third. In Part III, entitled "Integrating China's Power," the author points out the comprehensive reforms and developments in industry, transportation, communication, government, and social organization that will have to precede China's advent to the status of a great modern power. Finally, in the single chapter of Part IV, he states the minimal conditions of peace and security in the Pacific that will permit China to accomplish these reforms, the full weight of responsibility for which rests in the last analysis on the three "super-powers," Britain, Soviet Russia, and the United States. Thus he presents to his countrymen not a nation that will fight their battles for them, but one whose very existence, quite apart from its claims and pretensions to international influence, depends upon our winning the war and, with our two great allies, guaranteeing the peace.

Readers having particular interests in China may find particular faults with this book. It has been criticized for paying too little attention to the Chinese communists, now looming up so importantly on the same horizon of Anglo-Soviet-American coöperation that Mr. Rowe scans. Without any concrete means of proof, this reviewer is more optimistic about the possibilities of reform in Chinese agriculture than the author seems to be. Yet these are questions of opinion. The book is neither unfriendly nor unsympathetic to China; on the contrary, it is based on a high conception of peace and well being for the Chinese. Mr. Rowe gives full credit to the organizing genius of Chiang Kai-shek, without whom "China might not exist as an entity today." His suggestions for improvements in the wretched standard of living that prevails among the masses of the Chinese people are not only sympathetic but enlightened. In his final chapter on international organization he balances his recommendation of China's sale of Outer Mongolia to Russia with that of Britain's sale of Hong Kong to China. Indeed, his whole purpose is to show both the Chinese and ourselves without benefit of romance or doctrine, the essential conditions that must be fulfilled in order that the peace aims to which we both subscribe may be realized.

This is political science as it should be written, a true contribution of learning to action, a sincere and honest challenge to statesmanship on both sides of the Pacific.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 94

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 94 *will be found in the next issue.*

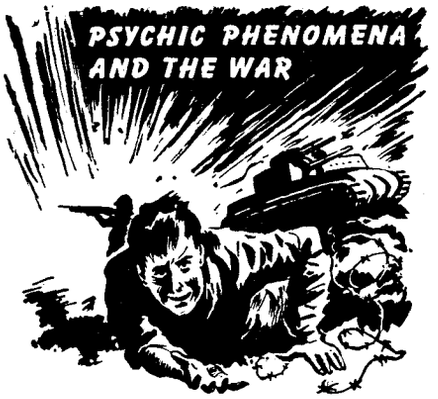
G BGKCF GAAFDAELB HGMRCAO JCHP FFQCAO GOOBLVVCILALVV, MCRL VSBDX CA G PDBBS.

—BFZLBH MCHHLMM.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 93

THE ATHLETIC FOOL, TO WHOM WHAT HEAVEN DENIED OF SOUL, IS WELL COMPENSATED IN LIMBS.

—ARMSTRONG—ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.



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the Phoenix Nest

A CORRESPONDENT, Alice K. Gregory of Portland, Oregon, has been inquiring concerning General Charles King (1844-1933), novelist and Indian fighter. She is writing a thesis for a college degree upon his life and his historico-military novels, and resurrecting a figure quite forgotten today. General King interpreted American military life to the American public in the eighties and nineties, he also wrote "Cadet Days," a novel about West Point, to which, as three generations of my forebears attended the Military Academy, I was devoted in my youth. Why have the H. W. Wilson publications neglected this author in their otherwise exhaustive volumes? To be sure, General King's literary style has not gone echoing down the corridors of the ages, but he wrote well of frontier Army posts in the days when there was Indian fighting, and his heroes were always heroic and his villains sufficiently villainous, as I remember them. "The Oxford Companion to American Literature" mentions him as an Army officer in our Civil War, in various Indian campaigns, and in the Spanish-American War. He wrote books for boys and such novels as "The Colonel's Daughter" (1883), "A War-Time Wooing," (1888), and "Under Fire" (1894). Personally, today, I should rather read Mrs. George Armstrong Custer's nonfiction about the Army on the Indian frontier. Widow of the famous "Yellow Hair," she wrote, as Elizabeth B. Custer, "Boots and Saddles" and "Following the Guidon," which give you as good a picture of Army life at that time (in the old Seventh Cavalry) as you can find. I am proud of owning both books; but—alas!—I have none of General King's.

G. R. Garrett of this city is reminded, by allusions to the old *St. Nicholas*, of S. R. Crockett's "Adventures of Sir Toady Lion." As I remember, that was a sequel to "Sweetheart Travellers," a delightful account of a bicycling trip taken by a little girl and her father, a favorite in our family. Samuel Rutherford Crockett (1860-1914) was the illegitimate son of a farmer's daughter whose name he took. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, through which he worked his way by writing for the press. He was ordained and became a minister in Midlothian. His novel "The Stickit Minister" brought him fame in the days of the Kailyard School of fiction. He was a friend of Robert Louis Stevenson. Recently I purloined a novel of his, "The Grey Man," from Sally and Raymond Holden, and I may have mentioned that it has in it an overwhelming account of Scottish cannibals commanded by Sawny Bean, the were-wolf of Benerard—a spine-chilling chapter! Mr. Garrett opines that all of Crockett's works seem to be out-of-print and unprocurable. "But here was the first book I was ever read to ('Sir Toady Lion') and every character is as vivid today as if I were listening to my mother's reading." Particularizes Janet Sheepshanks, Sir Hugh, Prissie, and Sir Toady Himself; and declares that even "E. Nesbit" could not surpass such characterization.

The death of Arthur Symons, not so long ago, removed a writer who was in his time a beautiful poet and one of the leading spirits of the nineties in England. And now, more recently, Lord Alfred Douglas has been gathered to his forefathers. He wrote some fine sonnets. In regard to Symons, a famous lyric of Masefield's, "Sea-Fever," certainly owes much to the music of the former poet. Read "Sea-Fever" and "Wanderer's Song" side-by-side and the likeness is unmistakable. Take these last verses:

Symons:

I have had enough of wisdom and enough of mirth,
For the way's one and the end's one, and it's soon to the ends of the earth;
And it's then good-night and to bed, and if heels or heart ache,
Well, it's sound sleep and long sleep, and sleep too deep to wake.

Masefield:

I must go down to the seas again to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

One verse of Symons's, from "In the Wood of Finvara," has rung in my mind these many years:

I have grown tired of sorrow and human tears;
Life is a dream in the night, a fear among fears,
A naked runner lost in a storm of spears . . .

He was a delicate craftsman and a dedicated artist.

Two brevities that have come to me seem worth recording. Colby Cleveland of this city (it is a lady) addresses the following to Edmund Wilson, literary critic of *The New Yorker*:

Now your prose, Mr. Wilson, is facile
When you claim that each man is a vassal
Who would spend any time
On the science of crime . . .
But, Axel, how crumbling your castle!

The other is from Major Richard Armour who can be found somewhere in the maze of the Pentagon Building in Washington, D. C. He calls it

BROTHERS UNDER SKIN

I grope around in the cerebral dark,
My mind is a frustrated snarl:
I can't think which Van Doren is Mark
And which one is Carl!

I think the Pentagon Building influence is apparent!

To Welborn Hope: Drop me a line with your latest address. Not only did the editorial page of the *Sunday Herald-Tribune* pick up your "Roll

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
STEPS IN THE DARK *Marten Cumberland* (Crime Club: $2.)	Mysterious deaths of sundry brilliant young French officers indicate foreign spy at work. Blinded veteran leads Sureté officers to solution.	Interesting picture of Paris before World War II; several deaths; numerous highly colored characters; two good detectives; and surprising solution.	Entertaining
DEATH VISITS THE APPLE HOLE *A. B. Cunningham* (Dutton: $2.)	Shooting of philandering Southern miller gives Sheriff Jess Roden case he doesn't choose to "solve."	Mountain-country characters and background expertly done, as usual. Plenty of plot, action, and unconventional but satisfying solution.	Very good
THE IRON GATES *Margaret Millar* (Random House: $2.50)	Madness and induced suicide of doctor's wife and two murders cleared up by Inspector Sands.	Psychological thriller that brings out the goose-pimples! Beautifully written, dexterously plotted—and a rather terrifying experience.	Tops in terror

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Away, Iowa Corn!" for reprint in its weekly column of poetry, but Mrs. Anna Gumaer Berg of Middletown, N. Y., has set it to music, and I have the music and her letter to you which I will forward as soon as I hear from you. Robert Downing, an old Iowan, says you're dead right about Iowa's being a "good eatin' state," He says most of its children are prodigious gluttons though some of the tonier Hawkeyes pretend to be epicures.

Mr. Downing's life and hard times in the show business helped me to place my feet under some of the better and all the mediocre tables in 48 states, not to mention Canada and Mexico. Touring three seasons with Sydney Greenstreet, a genuine epicure, didn't help matters—or my waistline—or his . . . Now I am about to pursue international menus —for in a few days I'll be off to the four corners of the earth with Moss Hart in his USO-Camp Shows [This was back about Valentine's day—Ed.] edition of "The Man Who Came to Dinner," playing the foxhole circuit. (Even the title of the play I am with—!) I have informed the War Department that my duties with Mr. Hart as company manager and actor must in no way conflict with my dietary pursuits.

Well—pan parsley in hot fat for three minutes, add vegetable stock and bring to boil, scrape artichokes, and put artichoke whole into stock as soon as scraped, cover and simmer for twenty minutes, season and add wine, simmer for another five minutes—No, I really got it from "Cooked to Your Taste," which contains over 350 vegetable recipes, is by Ann Williams-Heller, and the book published by Essential Books, 270 Madison Avenue. For main dishes, casseroles, salads, and soups, Ann is a Williams-Heller—whoops! Happy cookings!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Henry Leek, in "Buried Alive," by Arnold Bennett. 2. Tom Sawyer, in "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain. 3. Sherlock Holmes, in "The Disappearance of Lady Frances Carfax," by Conan Doyle. 4. Kim Tussie, in "Taps for Private Tussie," by Jesse Stuart. 5. Abby and Martha Brewster, in "Arsenic and Old Lace," by Joseph Kesselring. 6. Michael Geste, in "Beau Geste," by Percival Wren. 7. Emily Gibbs, in "Our Town," by Thornton Wilder. 8. Sam McGee, in "The Cremation of Sam McGee," by Robert W. Service. 9. Johnny Nolan, in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," by Betty Smith. 10. Jud Fry, in "Oklahoma!" by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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(Continued on next page)

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(*Continued from page 29*)

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

YOU will recall reading in March of the passing of Hugh Byas, former Tokyo correspondent of *The New York Times* and *The London Times*, and author of "The Japanese Enemy," from which volume I gave you a DC and later in this column a defense of my choice in reply to a protest from a group of DCers as to why I gave them unknown authors. Introduced to our DCs by then Ambassador Grew, he became a most devoted and articulate DCer.

Anne M. Smith, St. Johnsbury East, Vt., suggests that I give you familiar but not trite quotations from Latin, wondering at the same time if Steven Byington could "pick a Latin quotation right off the tree." Would such be any more difficult than modern poetry, think you?

Of course S.B. would fall for Latin puzzles. Some day I mean to devote this whole column to helpful comments from his letters, and meanwhile here is a quotation from a February note: "It becomes clear that I shall finish solving Series 16 without writing anything down or using books of reference," and then he goes into most unique detail of the system he evolved in the doing, a process "mentally quite different from that of solving them with a pencil." In fact later in regard to the solution of No. 570 he writes: "An unexpected result of my stunt of doing Series 16 all mentally is that when a puzzle is hard to get started on—I find myself taking to the mental technique to see if it will help me get my start." A homey touch is furnished in his aside: "At this point I was interrupted by the announcement that the public snow-plow, the natural enemy of the snow-shoveling suburbanite, had thrown some more snow into the mouth of our path, and it must be shoveled out." (S.B., you know, has retired from a lifetime spent in a notable publishing concern!)

Jennie J. Moss, Grant's Pass, Oregon, was amused at the mention of the High Sheriff of Honolulu as a DCer, "like a Gilbert and Sullivan opera," she comments. "When I left there the last time in 1939 the Sheriff was Duke Kohamoka, the swimming champion." Then Miss Moss notes that in her travels in Southern California these days, she hunts in small libraries in vain for the *SRL*, for it is invariably hidden under the librarian's desk to be used for reference only.

Mrs. James Fyshe, Montreal, was "thrilled" at discovering in No. 570 Gogarty, a great favorite of hers. (It was too bad that I had to omit so many consecutive lines to get what I wanted, but I hope you had access to the whole poem.) Mrs. F. came across our by-now-historic *tow-row* lately in Jane Austen. Under the circumstances —we learned that Stevenson used it, too—surely the designation *colloq.* should be eliminated in WNI.

APRIL 7, 1945

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 576

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 24 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. A system handling long-distance through traffic (2 wds.)

B. To be very precise in making distinctions (3 wds.)

C. Susceptible of being fashioned or molded.

D. Exults braggingly in presence of a defeated opponent (2 wds.)

E. Haggard; lean.

F. Raises in rank or station.

G. Son of Seth (Bib.)

H. To ruminate; meditate (3 wds.)

I. Greek poet and lampoonist (seventh cent. B. C.)

J. Goddess of Victory (Gr. Relig.)

K. Scotch M.D. and writer (1667-1735; "History of John Bull").

L. Very small; pygmy.

M. Medical.

N. Mythical land to which King Arthur is borne ("Idylls of the King").

O. Editor, translator, Harvard prof. (1827-1908).

P. Straits.

Q. Subject of "Pedlar's Progress" by Odell Shepard (Pulitzer Prize 1938).

R. Goes forward, off or away (esp. of a throng).

S. Pertaining to ancient Troy.

T. Siege which Joan of Arc raised (1428).

U. A tie, bond, snare (Fig.)

V. Greek mathematician and inventor (287-212 B. C.)

W. English poet and prose writer (1775-1864).

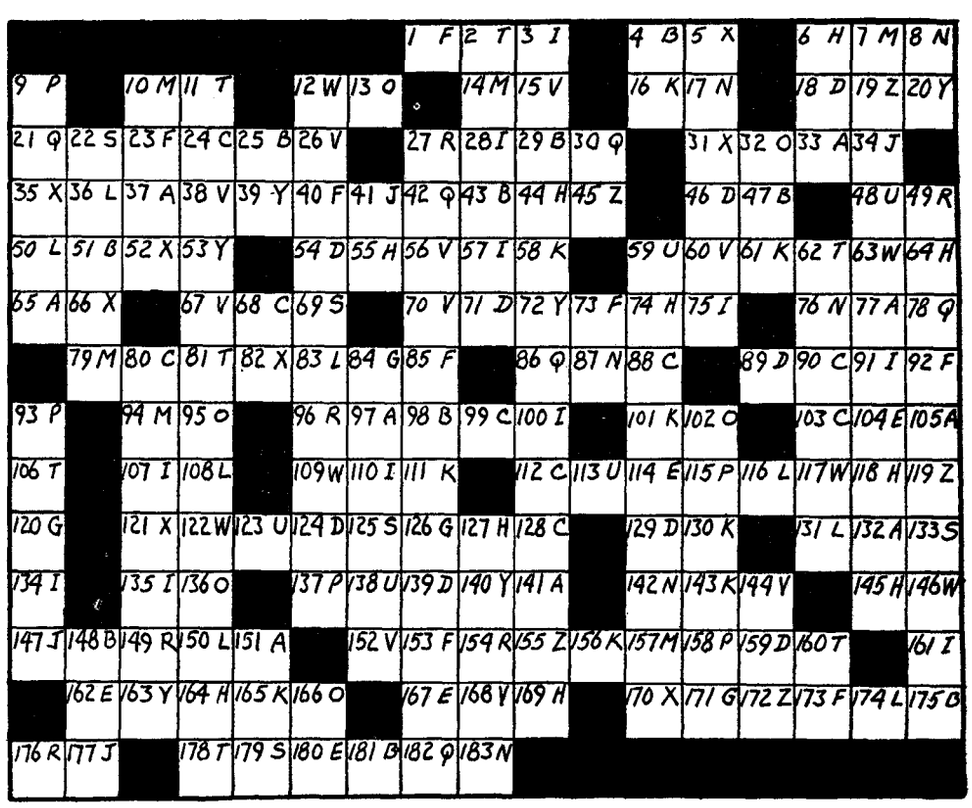
X. Examines critically.

Y. A garden implement for planting, etc.

Z. A possessive pronoun used absolutely.

WORDS

37	97	33	141	105	77	132	151	65
98	51	29	4	181	25	47	43	148	175
103	24	80	68	99	90	112	88	128
18	71	46	54	129	139	124	159	89
162	104	114	167	180				
92	40	73	23	1	173	153	85	
84	126	171	120					
64	55	118	169	44	6	164	127	145	74
161	100	57	134	135	3	107	91	28	110	75
177	41	147	34					
165	111	61	156	101	58	143	130	16
116	150	36	131	108	50	83	174	
94	7	10	157	14	79			
142	8	76	87	17	183			
136	102	32	166	13	95			
115	9	158	137	93				
86	78	42	182	21	30			
27	176	149	96	49	154			
125	69	22	179	133				
11	62	2	106	81	178	160		
138	113	123	48	59				
67	152	70	38	56	60	26	144	168	15
117	63	146	12	109	122			
52	170	82	121	5	35	31	66	
53	163	39	140	72	20			
45	155	19	172	119				



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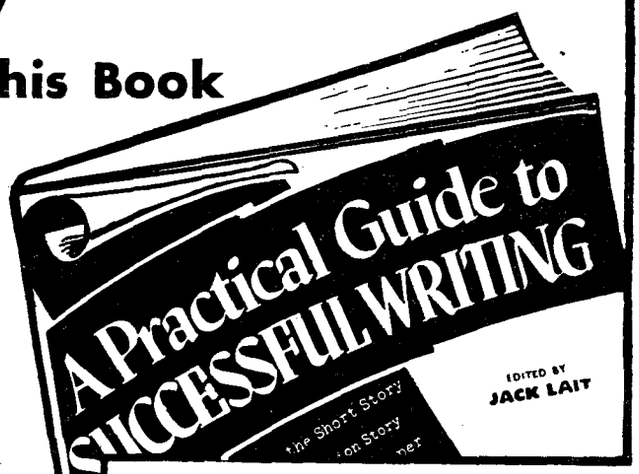

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